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harm this time—the new electors are not ready. But next time !

Among the many ludicrous and impudent demands put forward by Mr. Henderson is the assertion that Labour, with a big L, must be represented at the Peace Conference. Why? The plenipotentiaries, who will meet at Paris next week, will represent the nations to which they belong, the nations, be it observed. What right has Labour, with never so big an L, to separate representation on such an occasion? Have the men who worked in the Government factories, the shipyards, and the engineers' shops, any interest in the peace terms different from or superior to the interest of the rest of their countrymen and countrywomen? Different, for instance, from or superior to the interest of the merchants, shopkeepers, lawyers, doctors, literary men, artists? If so, let us know what it is. The men and women who work with their hands are more numerous than those who work with their brains, and if they choose to adopt the Prussian maxim that might is right, there is no gainsaying them. But until we admit, as a nation, that muscle is more important than mind, these absurd pretensions of the hand-workers to separate recognition should be ignored.

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The most humiliating feature of the General Election which closes to-day is the complete effacement of the leaders of the Tory or Unionist party, the largest party in the Coalition and, we believe, in the country. Mr. Bonar Law, we read to our regret, has been disabled by a sore throat: but where are Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Walter Long, Lord Curzon, and Lord Milner? Have they all got sore throats? The Tory leaders are "not in the picture," and we are afraid the reason is that the Tory party is bankrupt; and is content, as persons in that position must be, to place itself in the hands of the Official Receiver, who under the title of Prime Minister will dispose of its assets in what way he thinks best. But "Reconstruction" is a wonderful word, in Downing Street as in Bankruptcy Building. So let us hope that with a new Board, a new prospectus, and a capital drastically written down, the old concern may start a new career.

The Prime Minister's contrast at Leeds between 1916 and 1918 and his recital of the achievements of his own Government (the second Coalition) are good electioneering stuff, but are a little wanting in interest, no doubt because it is all so true. Mr. Asquith was not a good war Minister: the combination of Yorkshire, Oxford, and the Bar is a very fine mixture—for peaceful times. Pitt (the younger) was a very bad war Minister, as was Gladstone, whose financial pedantry was responsible for the worst scandals of the Crimean War. Mr. Lloyd George's enthusiasm and untireable energy are a matter of racial temperament: nothing less could have carried us through the war: and they are possessed by no one but the Prime Minister. The catalogue of the democratic measures of the Tory Coalition is true, too true, and the younger amongst us may live to repent them. The great leap into universal suffrage may do no

The newspapers, whose editors may be supposed to know what the public want to read, have drawn a thick veil over the oratorical performances of the fifteen hundred candidates for Parliament. Was there ever such a dull election in history? Partly this is due to nervous reaction from the excitement of war. We have "supped so full of horrors" during the last four years on the sea and under the sea, on land and in the air, that we cannot sit down with any appetite to the banquet of claptrap provided by the parliamentarians. Partly the apathy is due to the number of electors and candidates: the field is too vast and blurred to focus attention. Partly, too, the indifference is produced by the fact that it is a one-man election: it is Mr. Lloyd George first, and the rest nowhere.

In Mr. Bottomley's Address to the female electors of South Hackney occurs the following sentence: "My heart bleeds with sorrow when I see the wretched conditions under which so many of you are compelled to live. They make domestic life a drudgery, and they give the kiddies no chance of growing up into strong and healthy citizens." Clever Mr. Bottomley, who knows well that the heart, that little three-cornered exponent of our hopes and fears, is an organ to conjure with in addressing the fair sex! "When a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country," said Dr. Johnson, "in reality he suffers no uneasiness." And we have recognised the genial presence of the editor of *John Bull* in the House of Mirth without detecting any outward symptoms of that internal hemorrhage of which he complains to the ladies of South Hackney.

We have always thought with "Elia" that but for custom a man might just as well say, "Madam, my liver and fortune are at your disposal," or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have you a midriff to bestow?" Queen Victoria was always writing letters of condolence in which her heart bled; so that Mr.

Bottomley has a royal precedent. But what an artistic touch is that about "the kiddies," coming from a racing bachelor, who lives in chambers in St. James's! Seriously, we should have thought that this sentimental "slosh" could not impose on anyone, even the women electors of Hackney. Women of the working-classes were never so well off as they are to-day: they have better food, more coal, and far higher wages than they ever had before. But Mr. Bottomley is a clever man, who knows his public better than we can: as Voltaire said of Moses, "*le drôle a bien étudié sa bête.*" And if the House of Commons is to be a really representative place Mr. Bottomley ought to be there.

We agree with Lord Halifax that the demand for the extradition of the ex-Kaiser is madness. We can, if we choose, demand his surrender as a war prisoner, and Holland must comply with our request, being too weak to refuse. We can then place him against a wall and shoot him, or hang him in Berlin. He will deserve it, but not more than Herren Bethmann-Hollweg, von Jagow, and Zimmermann, Generals Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Falkenheyne, and Mackensen, and Admiral Tirpitz. But it appears he is to be tried by a court constituted *ad hoc*. Charles I was tried by Bradshaw and his court, with the consequence that his gravest political crimes were forgotten, and his statue at Charing Cross is once a year covered with wreaths. Indeed the statue of the Martyr was the only one protected carefully from air-raids—such is the effect of vindictive punishment of an individual.

Louis XVI was also tried by Fouquier-Tinville and a court of revolutionary patriots. The scene inspired some of the loftiest flights of Burke's eloquence, and was the main cause of our going to war with France. But, it may be answered, these are not the days of Bradshaw and Fouquier-Tinville: the Kaiser shall have a fair trial. Granted: we shall appoint the indispensable Lord Reading; the French will appoint the President of the Cour de Cassation or some other legal luminary: and Italy will nominate a third judge. The Kaiser will be allowed to employ counsel and to call witnesses. What will be the result? The Kaiser will be able to make a very strong case. He will call all his former advisers, political and military, and they will testify that they advised the Kaiser to go to war, and that they did so on their view of the political condition of Europe. What then? The court will either have to acquit the Kaiser, or to disregard the evidence as false, a very embarrassing alternative.

But, it is argued, the Kaiser will be tried for definite breaches of international law, such as the sinking of passenger vessels, the use of gas and fire shells, the bombing of unfortified towns, the deportation of non-combatants, etc. Here, again, the Kaiser will plead that he acted on the advice of his military advisers, and by all the rules of criminal law you must prove individual guilt. No one thought of arraigning George II for the execution of Admiral Byng, a judicial murder, if ever there was one; or of indicting George III for the disastrous war with the American Colonies. The constitutional irresponsibility of the Head of a State must be adhered to. Try, if you will, and execute the Ministers who gave the criminal advice to their Sovereign: try and execute, by all means, the commandants of prisons. The Kaiser's presence in Holland is, we admit, a danger, and he ought to be banished, say, to New Caledonia.

"What if we also are approaching times in which power will pass into the hands, not of the illiterate, but, still worse, of the half-educated?" Such is the terrible question which the German Conservative historian Delbrück propounds to himself, and it is one which we may appropriately put to ourselves. It is always possible to appeal to the reason of the educated, and to the common sense of the uneducated; but with the half-educated nothing can be done; and modern democracies are ruled by the half-educated. Professor Delbrück recalls the fact that ancient Rome was

governed by a highly educated aristocracy, whose place was taken by a new aristocracy of warriors in bearskins, when reading and writing became an affair for parsons, and kings, dukes, counts and knights passed away. For warriors in bearskins put mobs on the Embankment, red-flaggers, and Bolsheviks, with or without bloodshed, and have not England and Europe got their new aristocracy in moleskins?

Professor Delbrück ascribes his profound mistakes about Germany to the lies of the Press and the Government, under the thumb of the German High Command. Let us look to it that we do not fall into a similar pit, for our millionaire-owners of newspapers grow fat on the suppression of the truth and the suggestion of the false. But Delbrück, though a thoroughly disillusioned man, still retains the historian's insight, for he says with justification that the crowning disservice which the Kaiser has rendered to his country is his cowardly flight. Had he remained, such is the law-abiding instinct of the Germans, he might have effected the transition from absolute to constitutional monarchy without revolution. And the Kaiser would have been safer in Germany than he is in Holland; cowardice never pays.

It certainly would be one of the salient ironies of history if the German Government were to implore the Entente armies to occupy Berlin for the maintenance of order. If ever our armies do occupy Berlin, there is one document which we trust will be unearthed from the pigeon-holes of the Foreign Office and published to the world, namely, the draft treaty of peace which Germany had prepared for its vanquished enemies. We may be quite certain that the treaty is there, with every detail of occupations, indemnities, etc., worked out, and we imagine that there are tons of victory medals struck. The German peace treaty with the Entente Powers would be interesting reading just now, and we remember that at an early stage of the war Bethmann-Hollweg shed crocodile tears over the tragedy of other nations paying tribute for generations to Germany.

The declaration that the Allies intend to adopt the policy of no military conscription has been received with a whoop of exultation from the Labour Party. But if there is to be no conscription, who will join the Army in future, unless the pay of the soldier is raised to the pay of the artisan, i.e., £3 or £4 a week? The dilemma is cruel: at the rate of pay prevalent in the labour market, a large Army, or indeed any army, would be impossible, as too costly. But without armies how are indemnities to be exacted from Germany and Austria and Turkey? Suppose that a League of Nations without armies is formed: the nations that remain outside the League of Nations and have armies will be masters of the world. The Japanese and the Chinese will probably not join the League of Nations, and probably will maintain large armies: the world will be theirs.

In his report to the Imperial War Graves Commission, Colonel Kenyon chooses the second alternative before him, namely, "that each grave will have its own headstone, of uniform dimensions, on which the name of the dead will be carved, with his rank, regiment, and date of death." The reasons which Colonel Kenyon gives for his rejection of the other alternative, a large central cenotaph with the names inscribed thereon, and his preference for the uniform headstone, do not appeal to our sense of fitness or artistic propriety. They are (a) that the headstones clearly indicate the nature of the enclosure, that it is a cemetery and not a garden; and (b) that "the rows of headstones in their ordered ranks carry on the military idea, giving the appearance as of a battalion on parade, and suggesting the spirit of discipline and order which is the soul of an army." We do not know whether it is too late to oppose or protest against Colonel Kenyon's ideas, which in our judgment strike a jarring note.

A garden is a prettier and more soothing prospect than a cemetery, and, if we may be forgiven for using

a slang term in so sacred a connection, a cemetery should as far as possible be camouflaged in a garden. Can anything be more dreary than rows of tombstones, which, we admit, must be of uniform pattern? The thing is undignified too, and lowers the whole scene to the level of Kensal or Brompton Cemetery. A large central monument, with the names inscribed upon the bases, under regimental emblems, would be far more impressive; and those who wish to mark the resting-place of their relatives might be allowed to place, not a headstone, but a flat slab on the spot with any inscription they choose. But we are afraid the matter has gone too far for interference, of which the War Office is never very tolerant.

Twenty years ago the announcement of the State's intention to purchase the railways would have caused a boom on the Stock Exchange; particularly in junior securities, such as "little Chats." To-day there is an uneasy feeling that the State will rob the shareholders, and prices have hardly moved. Our objections to the State purchase of railways are: 1. That the Government always manages an industrial concern corruptly and inefficiently. 2. That a huge army of Government employees will be created, who will use their votes to extort higher wages and shorter hours. 3. That the railways are a bad investment for the taxpayer, because they are certain to meet very strong competition from air-craft and motors. Indeed, Mr. Churchill admits that they will probably be run at a loss. The last argument, that railways are not the ultimate means of locomotion, was used by Lord Derby (the last but one). Suppose, he said, the Government had bought the stage-coaches!

Apparently the British nation, like the Orleanists, has learnt nothing by the experience of the war. There is to be no conscription, and no system of national training in the use of arms at school, but we are all to slip back into the old casual, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care slough of self-indulgence. That simply means that in another fifty years, perhaps less, there will be another big war, for which we shall be as unprepared as we were for this one. The Allies can't prevent other nations from drilling and serving if they choose to do so. One would have thought that the war would have taught the people the enormous physical advantage of military training. Of course, the Labour anarchists dread anything in the shape of an army or military training.

Mr. Clynes, whom we had regarded as one of the sanest and honestest of the Labour members, has stated that the income-tax must be still further raised, the death-duties doubled or trebled, and the excess profits duty maintained. We have frequently pointed out in these columns that the number of people who pay income tax is between a million and a million and a half, and that they already pay three-fourths of the tax revenue. It is waste of time to appeal to the sense of justice of the Labour party, who have boldly adopted the German maxim that Might, which in politics is numbers, is Right. They have determined to rob the middle classes. But we may ask Mr. Clynes and his friends to reflect whether in the long run injustice pays. Before the war most rich Americans left their own country and came to live in England. If Mr. Clynes and his friends make it impossible for any but heroes to live in England, the working classes will be the ultimate sufferers, for, as was well observed by Burke, the superfluities of a rich nation are a better subject for trade than the necessities of a poor one.

Confiscation is the forcible appropriation by act of law of the property of individuals. All taxation, which is *ex vi termini* compulsory, is confiscation, but when it is moderate in amount and applied to objects which all can see to be of public utility or national benefit, it is cheerfully submitted to. The Lands Clauses Consolidation Act, which forces individuals to sell their property at a price not fixed by the higgling of the market, is pure confiscation, but as it has been justly used it has been acquiesced in. When individuals are called

upon to pay half or a third of their incomes to the cost of the war, however wastefully it may have been administered, they cheerfully agree. But when they are called upon by Mr. Clynes and the Socialists to pay 10s. or 12s. out of every £ in order to supply baths to the working-man's house, hot-water bottles for his wife, and tennis courts and gymnasias for his children, they answer that the working man must pay for those luxuries out of the large wages he now earns.

If Mr. Lloyd George is seen at his best in winning the war, to reflecting people he appears at his worst in trying to win the Election. Gross flattery of those who work with their hands, promises of a better world all the more dangerous from their vagueness, pandering to the passions of the mob on the subject of indemnities and the Kaiser, these are his weapons, as they have been the weapons of every demagogue since the world began. We had hoped that now that he had allied himself with the Tories our Cleon would "purge, and live cleanly, like a gentleman." Take the meeting of women at the Queen's Hall. The Prime Minister most earnestly impressed upon the women that they should use their votes in order to improve their material position. "The world's your oyster, which you with your votes may open," is the burthen of his song. "Loud cheers" at a meeting of women means, we suppose, loud shrieks.

Until we see the report of Mr. Lloyd George's committee of financial advisers, called the British Imperial Committee, we confess that his Bristol speech is quite unintelligible. The war bill of the Allies is 24,000 millions, which is to rank before Germany's war debt of 6,000 millions, making a total German debt of 30,000 millions, the interest on which at 5 per cent. is 1,500 millions. As there are 70,000,000 inhabitants in Germany (probably not more than 65,000,000 now) that leaves a war debt of over 400 millions per head. This debt, or the interest of it, 1,200 millions, is to be exacted without an army of occupation, and without "dumping sweated goods" into this country. We are curious to know the names of the Prime Minister's financial advisers: whoever they may be, they ought at once to be placed in control of the British Exchequer and Treasury, for they are veritable wizards.

It is true that Germany has very valuable deposits of coal, and iron ore, and potash, and some copper: also large timber areas. But all these require labour for their extraction, and unless labourers are paid wages they will only work under the lash, or at the point of the bayonet. But there is to be no army of occupation. It is likewise true that the German internal War Loan may be repudiated. But that would mean universal bankruptcy, which in its turn means Bolshevism. It is never good business to ruin a debtor: we thought since the abolition of imprisonment for debt, that was admitted. If our memory is approximately true, the British debt after Waterloo was some 900 or 1,000 millions: during a century we have paid off about 300 millions. Germany is to have a war debt of 30,000 millions, and is to pay the interest without an army of occupation, and not in goods. The Prime Minister's financial advisers say it can be done, "and they are all honourable men."

To-day, or to-morrow, or the next day President Wilson arrives in France to take part in the Conference on the preliminary terms of peace, though, as the Sovereign head of a State, he will not sit at the table with those who are the representatives of other Sovereigns. It is idle to conceal the feeling of anxiety with which Mr. Wilson's intervention in the settlement of peace is regarded by his Allies, particularly by Britain. And for this reason: the events of war have made the United States the competitor of Britain for the world's carrying trade, and a competitor outside the danger zone of European complications has a great advantage. Thus America's interest in what is called the freedom of the seas may be at variance with that of Britain. Added to this, Mr. Wilson, as a thorough-paced idealist, is regarded by all the anarchists and Bolsheviks in Europe as their champion.

## MR. WILSON'S "DIVIDED HOUSE."

**A**S America's sole plenipotentiary at the Sessions of Peace, the Chief Executive left behind him an angry, censorious Parliament, and a people rendered uneasy by the clamour of party claims and counter-claims. Now, as the United States means to be a factor in the future governance of the world, it is worth while briefly to set out the position of President Wilson, to whom all the belligerents have appealed for aid, from Great Britain to Montenegro. This survey is the more necessary, in that our own newspapers—and their New York and Washington correspondents—have given a confused and erroneous impression of American opinion.

Beyond question Mr. Wilson has Lincoln in mind, and the Emancipator's obstinate stand against the "Copperheads" and critics who assailed him without adequate knowledge of the facts. Mr. Wilson is Lincoln's historian; he has also written a Life of Washington, and a History of the American People. We have his own word for it—though we have seen this nowhere quoted—that he brings an open mind to the momentous meetings in Paris.

Addressing Congress in reply to the Central Powers, the President said: "The United States has no desire to interfere in European affairs. . . . She is quite ready to be shown that the settlements she has suggested are not the best, or the most enduring. They are only her own provisional sketch of principles, and of the way in which they should be applied." Here, surely, is nothing ambiguous.

Then why this American uproar—this threat of the Senate to send a Delegation of its own, even as "Tsar" Gompers is doing for Labour? Why was Mr. Wilson's plea for a Democratic Congress ignored in the November elections, and Republican majorities returned—though the President warned the country that any such result would be interpreted abroad "as a repudiation of my leadership?" His personal nominees and spokesmen—Henry Ford of Michigan, and J. H. Lewis of Illinois—were defeated, whilst men were elected who had incurred the Presidential veto. Lastly, the Senate, by 53 votes to 31, rejected the Susan B. Anthony Woman's Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution, and that in the face of Mr. Wilson's urging it as "a vitally necessary war measure."

But besides a mutinous Congress, the Chief Executive leaves behind him a very bad Press. The New York *Sun*, commenting upon the silence which greeted his last speech in the Capitol, gives its leading article the significant heading: "President Wilson's Farewell Address." And the *Sun* dreads the "foreign entanglements" of which Washington warned the infant Republic in his classic Farewell.

*The Times* reviewed "The Wilson Fourteen," and deplored the secretiveness of their author. "For all the people know, the President has made up his mind on these weighty matters without recourse to the counsel of other minds." Even *The World*—the chief organ of Mr. Wilson's party—regrets "the strange adventure" upon which the Chief has embarked, at the same time hoping for the best, "in the line of duty as he sees it."

Now what is America's quarrel with a Chief Executive whom even an enemy statesman like Baron Burian could admire as "the genius of mankind"? In brief, it is this: that he is set upon a one-man Government—a "patriautocracy," America calls it, with her peculiar knack of coining the native *mot juste* for a novel occasion. This is to say that he would silence all criticism of his acts with the plea of "America first," which was Lincoln's own, as well as Washington's and Jefferson's.

Why did he say "Politics are adjourned," and promptly come out as a party leader, admonishing the country to elect a Democratic Congress? How could he claim—as he did—that "Publicity is my hobby," when he is by far the closest Executive who ever handled America's foreign affairs? How much "pub-

licity" did he give his Paris programme before he sailed for Brest? Was Colonel House, his other self, a communicative person during those European tours? Was not the guileless Mr. Borah of Idaho snubbed by Mr. Wilson in the Senate when, relying upon Presidential professions, he brought forward his "open diplomacy" resolution? These are some of the counts in the new domestic arraignment.

It is, of course, the old tussle between the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government. It was never so glaringly revealed as now, when America recalls with rue the girding of Lord Northcliffe—always a fearless and privileged critic—at her outworn Constitution. In this connection, we may quote the dictum of Professor E. S. Corwen, who holds the Chair of Politics at Princeton—where Mr. Wilson was formerly on the faculty. "The net result of a century and a quarter of contest for power and influence, in determining the international destinies of the country, remains decisively and conspicuously in favour of the President."

Even more interesting is Mr. Wilson's own view of this conflict, as given in his 'Essay on Constitutional Government': "The initiative in foreign affairs which the President possesses, without any restriction whatever, is virtually the power to control them absolutely. He cannot conclude a treaty without the consent of the Senate, but he may guide every step of diplomacy: and to do this is to determine what treaties shall be made, if the faith and prestige of the Government are to be maintained. The President need disclose no step of the negotiations till they are completed; and when in a critical matter this is done, the Government is practically committed."

This "patriautocratic" course Mr. Wilson himself has pursued since he wrote the Sussex Note, threatening Berlin with a rupture of diplomatic relations. It cannot be too often repeated for British readers that Mr. Wilson is his own Foreign Minister, or that his Cabinet is composed of his own nominees, who are responsible to him alone, and not to Congress. Moreover, the "patriautocrat" (hideous word!) has two years yet in office; he can settle affairs without any interference from the new (Republican) Congress, precisely as Andrew Johnson did with the reconstruction of the South after Lincoln's assassination.

Not until December, 1919, will the new Congress have any real pull, and by that time the Executive may have "committed" the country in a way for which there are many American precedents. It is therefore useless for Mr. Roosevelt to inveigh against Mr. Wilson's Article II as "thoroughly mischievous," or for Taft, and Root, and Lodge to protest against patriautocracy and a munness which no persuasion or party strictures can melt.

"Styling himself the servant of the nation," rails the New York *Sun*, "President Wilson is acting precisely as if he were its master, and its policy and destiny given exclusively into his own uncontrolled and independent judgment." But this wintry *Sun* must know that the Chief Executive is accounted "the incarnate sovereignty of the people," and that his influence has grown amazingly from the time of Washington and the elder Adams to that of Lincoln—of whom the historian Rhodes says: "Never had the power of Dictator fallen into nobler or safer hands."

We have little space in which to follow these domestic gusts. But from our knowledge of Mr. Wilson, and America's aims, we should like to brush away much of the nonsense uttered and written about him and the United States on this side. Thus a writer in 'The Round Table' suggests that America should become the guardian of the Dardanelles and the Middle East, including Arabia and Persia. "Her vast Jewish population pre-eminently fits her to protect Palestine."

Here, indeed, are "entanglements" to make the First President writh in his Mount Vernon tomb. Ingenious the idea may be; it is utterly unAmerican, and in the last degree unlikely. As a military Power, the big Republic has many problems peculiarly her own. There is Mexico, a Sinn Fein Ireland at her own

door. There are strategic "nations" of the Caribbean to be looked after; there are seventeen Latin-American neighbours to cultivate and soothe, and lead upwards along the paths of development and peace.

There is not one of these, by the way, without a grievance, from Columbia to the Argentine. As we write, Peru is furious and rumbling over her "lost provinces" of Tarapacá and Arica, which were seized by Chile—a land of turbulent and truculent repute—in the war of 1879. Those provinces have a double "window" on the Pacific, and upon this Bolivia casts a longing eye.

Mr. Wilson has given tactful hints to these small nations just as he has to "the newly-liberated peoples of Austria-Hungary." Intent upon an abiding peace, America will retain a great Navy, and a standing Army of more than five times the strength of the Regular force at the outbreak of the Great War.

We know Woodrow Wilson as a convert to Force, with his League of Nations resting ultimately upon armed sanction. He may be called an idealist without illusions. In professional matters, he defers to expert advice, as he told his people when Roosevelt came forward with the offer of an "independent command" in France. As for the sea-affair, who will be his adviser in Paris? Vice-Admiral Sowden Sims, the very daring reformer of the U.S. Navy; a disciple of Mahan, a pupil of Sir Percy Scott, and a man with real affection, as well as unqualified admiration, for the traditions and prowess of Britain's senior Service, of which Sims has war-experience on a great scale.

It is grotesque to see Mr. Wilson as a self-opinionated pedant, laying down the New World laws in Paris to Lloyd-George and Wemyss, Clemenceau and Foch; Orlando, Sonnino, Chinda and Matsui, Venizelos, Masaryk and the rest. In his "farewell Address" to Congress—a very mixed and sectional body, be it noted—the President says: "I go to give the best that is in me, to common settlements which I must now assist in arriving at with the other working heads of the Associated Governments."

That speech was coldly received. His European retinue was criticised, his "vagueness" assailed in all quarters where diplomacy of the "housetop" order was acclaimed. Mr. Wilson was reminded of his own desideratum: "Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at." Well, America has much to learn. And we can only hope that her Chief Executive, and sole Delegate of Peace, will prove himself an apt, accommodative pupil in our Old World school.

### DEMobilisation.—III.

#### THE EMPLOYER'S POINT OF VIEW.

IT is difficult to give a true picture of the change in the shop. It conveys little to the untechnical mind to speak of a shop which turned out gramophones turning out fuses, or of a firm that made pianos making parts of standard ships. It is only when two predominant facts are seized that the change can be even dimly realised. It must be understood, first, that the great shining machine of industry is, at the moment, rapidly running down, and secondly, that to start it up again requires labours as Herculean as those that turned it three and a half years ago from peace to war.

The first point to seize is that, when a shop is converted to new production, in many cases the whole of the existing machinery must be pulled down and completely new machinery installed. Both the pulling down and the setting up are delicate operations. No crowbar for smashing will suffice in the one case, nor directions on the label in the other. The machinery must be taken to pieces slowly and with care; the new machinery set up with almost loving precision, adjusting the cutting part sometimes to the 10,000th part of an inch. This involves time and skilled labour. Under war conditions, where expense was no object and time a hesitating and doubtful neutral, three months was quick for a single turnover; six to nine months for a complicated change. It must not be expected that the conversion

in peace times will be quicker, even if we can hope that it will be as quick. Nor must it be supposed that wartime machines can be used easily for peace purposes. A large proportion of the machines, like a proportion of the nation during the war, were of the "single purpose" type. The single purpose was not merely to win the war, but relentlessly to pursue one operation and one only. One of the secrets of the immense munitions achievement is mass production, which means producing on a repetition basis an unlimited supply—often running into millions—of one article or part of an article. In peace time orders do not come on that scale or in that way. Machines must be available with a more all-round and dissipated energy. Industry must shift over to selective production, at least in part, and therefore, among the other great groups of war workers to be demobilised, must be reckoned the "single purpose" machines. And, if one may say so in passing, they and the machine-tool firms who brilliantly produced them, deserve a place of honour as the little brothers of the great fighting machines which they produced.

Well, they must go, and before the new engines of peace can begin revolving months must elapse. In the meantime, the employer has his second great problem of adjusting his labour to the peace products. It has been indicated in a previous article that labour has suffered a transformation, almost violent. Towards the end of the war the time had nearly arrived when the rapidly diminishing body of skilled men was developing into a class of teachers of less skilled men and women in practically all branches of engineering. There are at least two compelling reasons why this state of affairs must, at any rate for a time, be drastically altered. In the first place, the new-comers—who are known by the cant term of "dilutees"—are, generally speaking, able to perform one operation only. At any rate, they have been employed on one only. Accordingly, as selective production begins, a large number will be incapable with their existing training of continuing to take the place of skilled men. A great many would, no doubt, be absorbed after intensive training, and a great many more by splitting up processes, so that what, as a complete process, was carried out by one skilled man might, in detail, be carried out by several lesser skilled men.

It is at this point, however, that the second difficulty emerges. The employer in the controlled establishment is under a statutory obligation to restore pre-war conditions. Without attempting in detail to interpret what that phrase means, it is at any rate clear that the rough general meaning is that the dilutee must go. The result, therefore, is that as long as the statutory obligation remains, the employer is faced, not only with the problem of establishing raw machinery, but of finding labour to man it. Nor is this all. It is obvious that even if there were not (as there is) a statutory obligation to give priority in their old jobs to soldiers and sailors, there would be an obligation of honour to give this priority. The employer is, therefore, in the position that he must not keep his dilutees, and, even before starting his skilled men, he must bear in mind the claims of the soldier and sailor. Both these difficulties—of machines and of labour—can be surmounted. The first is merely a question of time, the second of wise and honourable bargain, which will have regard to the just claims, not only of the skilled man, but also of the dilutee, and above all the State which comprises both. Here, again, however, patience is supremely required. The workmen should be patient, because the delay will be due, not so much to the action or indecision of the State, as to their own not unjust claims for fulfilment of pledges. The public must be patient in face of what seems a policy of dilly-dally, and should not allow themselves to be affected by pictures in the ginger press of March hares in top hats, however ill-drawn. Ginger has its uses as a condiment. As a staple article of diet it has disadvantages, not the least of which is that, when it is for ever hot in the mouth, it is likely to infect the air with a quality of heat.

It is less difficult to indicate the troubles created by prices and materials. Prices are normally regulated by the demand for the manufactured article qualified by the degree of competition. The prices, thus fixed, determine the plans of the manufacturer and provide him with a firm basis for estimating what he can afford to pay in respect of running expenses, including his wages bill. On munitions production the economic checks were largely removed, and an entirely artificial basis of prices engendered. In the first place, the demand, at any rate for the first two years, entirely outstripped the supply. Instead of contractors asking the Government for orders, the Government was beseeching the contractors to take them. As the Government's need was extreme, the only limiting factor in fixing the price was the manufacturer's sense of obligation to the State in its necessity, and, as was natural, manufacturers took varying views of this obligation.

In the second place, it was extremely difficult to fix prices for any distance ahead. For one thing, a large proportion of the articles to be made had either never been made before, or never been made before by the manufacturer contracting for them, and experimental prices—always the most extravagant—had to be fixed. For another thing, wages altered rapidly and continuously. A contract, taken on the basis of wages paid on January 1st to run for six months, might by reason of advances in wages during the period involve a serious financial loss. As the war progressed, it became possible to allow for these factors, but they were never eliminated and have, with the other points noted above and below, left prices in a state of grave confusion.

In the third place, account must be taken of the Munitions Levy and the Excess Profits Duty. These had a curious effect on prices. On the one hand, the State, confident of a return by way of tax, could afford to be comparatively indulgent. On the other, the manufacturer, knowing that he was limited to 20 per cent., did not greatly care what wages he paid or what prices he gave for materials, provided his 20 per cent. was forthcoming.

Finally, there was the question of materials, which was conditioned largely by cost of freights and shortage of shipping. The war revealed with horrible clarity how dependent on foreign supplies was the British manufacturer. When the demand for production reached its height, it began to appear that material was wanting in all directions. It immediately became necessary in respect of certain classes of material both to ration and fix the price. This involved the setting up of a great Department consisting of experts who knew the trades concerned. The Government called in business men to manage this enormous problem, but even business men cannot control the laws of political economy, though they showed themselves on occasion not incapable of misunderstanding them. They found, therefore, to their dismay, that they were driven always to control more and more articles. The time almost came when one of them, getting up in the morning, said, "It's a fine day, let's go out and control something."

They were justified in what they said, but the results were formidable. Prices had borne a stern relation to the cost of production and to the demand, both home and foreign. Export was practically non-existent, and the cost of production rose from day to day. Prices had to be fixed on the basis of a compromise between what a material would cost with a fair basis of profit and what it would fetch, if traded. The result was that the price was low, compared with the dizzy heights to which it might have soared, but often ruinous, when regarded in the light of a post-war commercial possibility. The upshot of it all is that the employer who has to turn over to peace production has in many cases (a) to refashion his entire plant, (b) to readjust the whole of his labour, and (c) to face the extremely difficult problems involved in the supply and prices of raw materials.

There is finally the question of State Control, which will be considered in the next article. That may possibly suggest certain lines of solution. So far, we have attempted to show the immense difficulties facing both the employer and labour, in order that both sides and the country may realise what a task lies before them. "Tantae molis erat," Virgil cried, "Romanam condere gentem." Such a struggle and twice as prodigious will it be to refashion an empire great beyond the dreams of Augustus.

#### SOME IRISH STORIES.

THE tourist, when he goes to Ireland, visits Kilgarney, Wicklow, or Connemara; the businessman sees little outside Dublin and Belfast; the result is that the Midland Counties of Ireland are almost unknown to the outside world. Yet, in spite of their being perhaps the most unfrequented counties in Ireland, they have been well "within the pale" for hundreds of years, and in the eighteenth century they appear to have been the scene of considerable social activity. We recently came across an old book which gives a curious insight into this forgotten society of long ago.

"The Grand Juries of the County of Kilmanagh, from the year 1727, to the year 1853, with an Historical Appendix," such is the title of the book. The first part consists merely of the lists of the members of the Grand Juries between the dates specified. The second part is nominally composed of an appendix to the first, but the appendix is a mere excuse for the notes thereto, which are by far the most entertaining part of the whole book.

A large number of the stories told in those notes lead us to believe that the drinking habits of Kilmanagh society in the eighteenth century were by no means at variance with those of the period in other parts of the kingdom. Among those famous for their exploits with the bottle, a certain Mr. William Nolan, familiarly known as "Billy Nolan," was the most celebrated in the neighbourhood. This gentleman lived by himself in a small house just outside Ballymill. Being, like Pepys, quite unable to enjoy a meal eaten alone, he was in the habit of bringing in any chance passer-by to share his dinner with him. On one occasion, as he was walking along the road in front of his house, he met a tall powerful man on a horse, with a portmanteau slung on the front of the saddle in front of him, as if he was going on a journey. He asked the stranger in, and the latter, who expressed great pleasure at meeting the famous Billy Nolan, accepted the invitation. They sat down to dinner, and Nolan, having ordered up twelve bottles of prime old port, told the servant to retire. At four o'clock in the morning the bell rang, and when the servant reappeared he found his master lying insensible on the floor, and the stranger standing over him with the last bottle of port in his hand. "Here is Billy Nolan's health," said the stranger, "I never met a better man." Bill had met his match.

There were many "characters" in the country, and John O'Donel, or "Jack the Buck," was probably the best known of these. It is related of him that when on a visit to Bath he was standing one evening watching a game of cards at which the husband of the famous Countess du Barry was one of the players. All at once he began to suspect that du Barry was cheating. O'Donel went over to the sideboard and selected a carving fork with long and sharp prongs. He went back to the table and continued quietly to watch the game. Suddenly, when du Barry had got to the last card, O'Donel with a vigorous prod of the carving fork transfixed du Barry's hand to the table, and said in the politest voice imaginable:—"Sir, if you have not the ace of clubs under that hand I shall certainly beg your pardon." The Comte du Barry was hustled from the room.

Jack the Buck met his end in a duel in London. The quarrel was about an actress, and his opponent, a

Frenchman, was supposed to have protected his chest with paper, for when O'Donel made a pass at him his sword broke, and the Frenchman ran him through the body.

Sometimes the scene of the stories is in Dublin, and there is an anecdote connected with the Duke of Wellington which, whether true or false, is certainly interesting. A Kilmanagh gentleman, named Captain Hugh Tynan, was one of the guests at a card party in Dublin at which Captain Arthur Wellesley, then A.D.C. to Lord Westmoreland, was present. Captain Tynan, who had retired from the Army some years before, still wore his hair in the military fashion, that is to say with a short pigtail down his back. As he sat playing cards he felt somehow that he had become the centre of attention and an object of mirth, and, looking round, he found that Captain Wellesley, who was standing behind him, had taken hold of the end of his pigtail and was toying with it in a manner which was causing intense amusement to a group of young officers standing near. Captain Tynan, who was a tall, strongly-built man, said not a word: he simply rose from his seat, and, grasping the future Duke of Wellington by the back of the neck, raised him a foot or two off the ground and then let go. Having done this, he resumed his seat and went on with his game of cards. Captain Tynan of course fully expected to receive a challenge to a duel, but when the game was finished Captain Wellesley, accompanied by another officer, came up to him and apologised. "Sir," said Captain Tynan, "as the apology has been as public as the offence, I will consent to overlook it."

The most tragic story in the book is that told of the unhappy Lady Charlestown, whom her husband, for a supposed infidelity of which she was entirely innocent, caused to be imprisoned in a country house for almost thirty years. During the first fifteen years of her imprisonment she was given a certain amount of liberty, being allowed to walk about the grounds and to receive visits from her children. But, unfortunately for herself, she contrived eventually to escape and to make her way to Dublin. There she took the worst step possible, by going for protection to the house of her brother-in-law and his wife, for it was none other than his own brother whom the Earl of Charlestown suspected of being his wife's lover. This action of Lady Charlestown's merely confirmed her husband's suspicions; she was recaptured after a few days' liberty, and until her husband's death thirteen or fourteen years later, was subjected to a confinement far closer than that which she had endured previous to her escape. This story was well-known in the country, and the chief authority at the time the "Grand Juries" were written was an old man, who, when a boy, had been servant to Lady Charlestown during her imprisonment.

The notes are packed with other anecdotes too numerous to relate at length, and so only a passing reference must be made to the Chatelaine of Tobermore House, who at breakfast on New Year's Day offered her daughter's hand (by way of a New Year's gift) to a gentleman who had travelled down from Dublin to visit his estates and had asked for hospitality on the last night of the old year. There were no back doors at Tobermore House, as the book wittily puts it, and the offer was accepted. The convivial baronet who put a large mirror in the ceiling over the dining-room table so that when resting between his courses he might the better admire the proportions of his lady friends, and who caused the vines in the greenhouse to be trained in through his bedroom window in order that he might eat the grapes in bed, must also be passed over, together with his "horse Mumford," of whom he records that "he carried me for 18 years, 18 stone weight, and never let any man take a lead of me." Unfortunately, both of the above-mentioned schemes failed, for the steam from the dishes on the table dimmed the mirror in the ceiling, and the grapes would not ripen in the bedroom for want of light and heat.

It is related of the Commander of a detachment of Kilmanagh Volunteers that he gave his men the order to "disembodied" in the following words:

"Attention!

From your saddles to your straddles repair!

From your boots to your brogues:

To the mountains, you rogues,

As you were."

With these words the "Grand Juries" may be dismissed.

#### EARLY GLASS.

#### REAL AND UNREAL.

**I**N 1897 Mr. Hartshorne wrote an important book on glass, entitled, 'Old English Glasses.' Since that date many other treatises have been written on the subject, most of them quite instructive, which in a book is unusual. The latest guide is 'The Glass Collector' of Mr. Maciver Perceval. Mr. Hartshorne's book may be said to have been the signal for two important events so far as glass was concerned. In the first place, it was a signal for the price of important examples to jump up. Again, it gave an impetus to our enemy the faker, who is always with us.

The one result always marches side by side with the other, for, wherever in the world of Art the supply does not equal the demand, the faker gets his opportunity, and there are always plenty of the tribe about to seize any opportunity that presents itself.

Before we discuss fakes and fakers, let us ask ourselves seriously what there is in 17th and 18th century glass that makes it so desirable, so preferable to that of the 19th and 20th centuries. Let us, moreover, examine the mentality of those who collect early glasses, and profess to see in them something so extremely desirable.

In our opinion it is the beautiful shapes of bowls, and the interest attaching to the various types of stems and feet, that present the real attraction. Now as to the collectors. There are at least two distinct types of persons who interest themselves in works of art: (1) The Art Lover; (2) The Connoisseur.

Without going into elaborate detail, it may be said that the former acquires an object that appeals to his artistic sense as being beautiful and desirable; the latter, because it is merely valuable and rare. There is little doubt that the majority of those who collect glass, especially drinking glasses, belong to this class. Much, if not most, of the drinking glasses chiefly sought after at the present time, is crude in the matter of workmanship, and clearly demonstrates that the chemists employed from 1680 to 1730 were men of little knowledge or experience. If we dismiss the clap-trap that surrounds the subject, we are forced to admit that the only really beautiful specimens are early Sweetmeat Glasses, and the engraved Jacobite Glasses of the 1740-1760 period, with the air twist stems. That is, of course, so far as table glasses are concerned.

The Baluster Stem Glasses of the 1680-1730 period, and the quaint-shaped early Cordial Glasses may be very interesting, as, indeed, they are indispensable, to any representative collection; but they may be said to be Connoisseurs' pieces, not those of the Art Lover.

In a short article it is only possible to touch briefly on the various matters of interest, and we must now pass to the consideration of the ingenious fake. The public will do well to be on their guard. It is no exaggeration to say that there are hundreds, even thousands of really clever fakes distributed all over the country and in the most unlikely places. They are even planted in small remote farm-houses, the more successfully to catch the suspecting collector.

As for London—well, there is more Waterford and Cork glass to-day on sale in London, not to mention that in private collections, than was ever turned out of those factories in the whole course of their brief existence. It is not suggested for one moment that the majority of those who offer these glasses for sale are

aware that they are fakes. In many instances we are satisfied that they do not know of it. The ignorance on the part of both seller and buyer is appalling. This is not altogether surprising, as faking has improved enormously during the last two years, and there are now many collectors of experience who are taken in, as may be witnessed at any auction sale. Only the other day we saw a spurious Sweetmeat Glass bought by a well known dealer for £21. This glass was in what may be described as "mint condition."

Twenty years ago 18th century glass was being faked, but in those days any experienced person could tell at once the right from the wrong. The faking was clumsy, and usually took the form of putting a new foot on to an old broken stem and bowl, or a new stem on an old foot, or again, a new bowl on an old stem and foot, or a faked engraving on an old glass. Nowadays the faker is a much greater artist, and has long since realised the importance of faking the whole thing from top to bottom. What is really disturbing is the fact that he has now discovered the imperfection of the chemicals of the old metal, and manages as well to reproduce the imperfection and irregularities of the old wheel or whatever was used. The faking of the pontil is of course done to perfection. All this causes one furiously to think that the time has come to put a full stop to collecting early glasses. Moreover, as a result of what is going on, we soon expect to see a slump in the market.

#### HOW WE ENTERED ALSACE-LORRAINE.

By A LIAISON OFFICER.

I HAVE just completed a tour in Alsace-Lorraine : it was most impressive ; up till now, I had never quite grasped the situation ; there can be no doubt *Alsatiens et Lorrains* are French to the core ! Several children spoke to me ; I asked them : " How is it you can speak French ? " —French having been forbidden in the schools—" Papa taught us ! " they replied. A man told me that his sister had been put in gaol for saying " Au revoir, Madame ! " —French having been forbidden during the war.

The villages in Alsace were simply draped in French flags ; in every village an *arc de triomphe* ; Christmas trees along the streets, lit up with lanterns by night. In Metz and Strasbourg, a screen of French flags at intervals of a few yards ; though all Germans were forbidden to hang out French flags or wear French cockades, many having attempted to do so.

The bridge across the Rhine at Strasbourg, the *pont de Kehl*, is the only communication between the French and German lines : I saw a train arrive, out of it poured prisoners of war and Alsatiens who had been serving in the German army ; these had the German regimental badges stripped off their Boche uniforms and were then set free ; they ran half-way across the bridge, then turned and shook their fists at the Boche sentries and screamed out a torrent of invectives, "*Sales Prussiens ! Sales cochons ! Vermine de Boches !*" When the first French troops entered Strasbourg, the Alsatian girls leapt on the French guns and rode them through the town, some weeping, some laughing and kissing their hands.

In Strasbourg, the statue of Wilhelm, first Kaiser, was overthrown and broken in pieces. In Metz, the statues of Wilhelm I, Friedrich III, and the Prince Friedrich Karl were hurled from their pedestals. A German photographer took the overturned statues and drove a roaring trade selling postcards of them.

In the cafés at night, every French soldier had two girls on his arm, yet there was no sign of love-making, it was just joy and affection ! —the girls' parents looking on.

The march through the town was remarkable : the troops marched in double fours, a line of girls in native costume outside ; the girls wore big headdresses of black silk, like huge butterflies ; with coloured silk shawls, bright red or green petticoats and lace aprons ; a tricolour rosette in their black headdresses. The

troops were beautifully turned out, their dressing, distances and step being beautifully kept—this being remarkable, as French infantry are usually slipshod! —the long French bayonets were wreathed in flowers ; at the head of each regiment its band, its bugles and drums and the French colours borne aloft. A gorgeous drum-major flourished his bâton, tossing it twenty feet in the air, the French bugles ringing out their inspiring marches.

At the head of the French *chasseurs à pied* danced eight of the prettiest Alsatian girls in beautiful native dresses, while the *chasseurs*, with their quick, short steps followed in their tracks : these were greeted with a tempest of cheers. General Van der Berg, an Alsatian, commanding the 10th French Corps d'Armée, had a great reception ; he rode a black horse and saluted down to the ground with sweeps of his sword.

I stood on the steps of the Cathedral, beside two French Generals, while the bells boomed overhead. On the square, in front of the Emperor's palace, all the troops filed past Marshal Petain. Then the whole populace of Strasbourg in a mass chanted the *Marseillaise* : *le jour de gloire*, foretold by the great National Hymn, had arrived ! Last of all Petain, with his staff, went to the Cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung, the Marshal leading the Canon up the aisle on his arm.

I came away convinced that a plebiscite would reveal the passionate and loyal devotion of Alsace and Lorraine to France and the dismal failure of German rule to conciliate or subjugate their inhabitants after forty-seven years.

All this occurred on Sunday and Monday. On Tuesday I returned through Metz, Verdun and Chalons. I drove across the battlefield of the '70 war at Gravelotte : I was able to view the whole French front in a drive of twenty minutes' duration ; the graves of the soldiers dotted about the ground are still well tended and green ; the monuments in a line mark the front. One hour later I was driving across the great battlefield of Verdun, which, vast as it is, is only an element of the titanic battle which has raged for four years from Dunkerque to Switzerland and is beyond the scope of a human mind to contemplate. I saw the ruined forts of Vaux and Donaumont and the battered town of Verdun which may never be rebuilt ; my grandfather, by the way, was a prisoner of war at Verdun in 1811. There, in Verdun, are the old forts built by Vauban in Louis XIV's time. In the subterranean caves under these old seventeenth century forts, the bread for the troops was baked during the great German offensive of 1916 ; but for these caves, Verdun could not have been held, as supplies were impossible to furnish from the rear. In Verdun, the cathedral, the *cloître*, the *rueché* are all battered out of recognition ; nevertheless, the clock on one battered tower is still going, and, as I gazed on the mournful spectacle, it chimed out four o'clock defiantly—*ils ne passeront pas !*

Alsace and Lorraine have awakened from a hideous nightmare of forty-seven years ; a tremendous sigh of relief seems to go up, it goes up from the clergy, the soldiers, and the people. The French newspapers, suppressed during the war, wrote on Sunday : " Is the Prussian lieutenant, with his clanking sword, only a hideous dream ? "

#### THE UNPRIVILEGED TRADE UNION.

WILL anything be done by Parliament, after the important decision in the British Medical Association case, to alter the law as to Trade Unions ? The monstrous Trade Disputes Act, 1906, is still un-repealed, and there is one kind of law for working-men's trade unions and another kind of law for middle-class trade unions. The first kind may do all, and more than all, the British Medical Association and the Coventry Doctors did to their confrères the Dispensary Doctors and the public, without incurring any penalty. The Association had to endure a trial of eight days, and a judgment four hours' long recounting its misdeeds, not to mention a sum of about £4,000 for damages, besides costs, with an injunction

to follow, forbidding it to repeat its conduct in future.

Obviously there is something wrong with the law. Either the trade unions of cotton operatives, iron-founders, colliers, carpenters, builders, shoemakers, or engineers ought to become as the British Medical Association, or the British Medical Association ought to be on the same footing as the others.

If the medical profession, or the legal profession, in either of its branches, or any other similar association, is not to be allowed to conspire to commit illegal and cruel acts, in pursuance of its "honour and interests," then that privilege ought to be taken away from the working-class trade unions.

If there is anything, on the other hand, which shocks the intelligence and conscience of the public in the severe judicial criticism and punishment of the British Medical Association, then that Association, and similar associations, ought to be brought within the operation of the Trade Disputes Act, 1906. The thing is simple as regards right and justice, and the equality of all classes of people before the law. There is no dilemma about it: either one thing or the other is right; and two absolutely inconsistent and contradictory rules for the same kind of conduct must be wrong.

Mr. Justice McCordie never mentioned the Trade Disputes Act in his judgment; but in every word he said in condemnation of the British Medical Association's cruel ostracism and boycotting of the doctors who do not submit to that Association's rules, and the interference with the liberty of patients to employ doctors of their own choice, there was a severe criticism implied of that Act. No one who heard, or who reads, the judgment, if he can spare the time in these strenuous days, can doubt what the answer ought to be, if he is unbiassed in the matter by class prejudice. It is quite unarguable that any class of persons should have the legal privilege of coercing other people into submission to their own illegal purposes and objects. Plainly, the Act ought to be repealed, and the public guarded from being victimised by any body of men, whoever they may be, professional or working class.

There remains now nothing in the law of conspiracy which would unreasonably, or unjustly, restrain the right of any body of persons to associate themselves together for common purposes. The law as laid down by Mr. Justice McCordie seems to be, that whatever it is illegal to conspire to do would be illegal if it were done by one person. This takes away the least vestige of an argument that a vague and undetermined law of conspiracy exists, which may be used as an instrument of oppression operated by the hands of government, or middle class judges and juries unsympathetic with, or hostile to, any particular sections of the public. This was made a great deal more of, at the time of the agitation for the Trade Disputes Act, than it was ever worth. Now it has no point or validity at all. But the dangers of unrestrained trade unionism still remain. Men of any class are apt to become absorbed in their own aims, and inspired by an exaggerated *esprit de corps*. They lose the sense of just relations between their own class and other sections of the public. There are no rights but the corporate rights they assert for themselves, and everything must give way to them.

This, according to the opinion of Mr. Justice McCordie, founded on the evidence in the British Medical Association case, was what happened at Coventry and in the adjacent area. The Association devised and carried into execution oppressive acts on the members of the medical profession who did not submit to its decrees, whether belonging to the Association or not, and on the public who, in very distressing circumstances of sickness or death, were compelled to give up their chosen medical attendants.

We do not want to labour all this. The really important point is that these trade unionists, so severely censured for oppression, were members of perhaps the most justly admired of professions, whose function is not to inflict needless pain, but to assuage and cure it. They are not ignorant but highly educated men, trained

to judge and discriminate, and they intervene judiciously and discreetly in the most delicate of human relations. They have a high code of personal and professional honour, and yet the judicial condemnation of them is, that they were not combining, in the circumstances of the Coventry transactions, for the honour of the profession, but were committing acts of oppression purely for pecuniary gain. This was from a judge extremely sympathetic; yet he felt himself bound to declare that they had acted with actual malicious feelings, not merely malicious in the somewhat artificial legal sense of malice, towards the members of their profession who did not submit to, and were, therefore, obnoxious to them. Is not the moral to be drawn without straining, that if a profession of this high character needs and ought to be restrained by law, no other vocation or trade should be permitted to carry out its objects absolutely free from all legal restraint, as the ordinary trade union has been since the Trade Disputes Act?

This British Medical Association case emphasizes the warnings which were given when the Trade Disputes Bill was being discussed. It often happens that it needs an action in the Courts to dot the i's in respect of the actual practical results of legislation which, in its inception, are only more or less vaguely foreseen. The British Medical Association case comes at an opportune moment, to cause serious reflection as to the consequences of a statute remaining unpealed which legalises and justifies beforehand any oppressive action which may be taken by certain kinds of trade unions in the pursuit of their trade objects. The argument about unsympathetic middle class juries, and high-handed judges, goes by the board when we consider that nothing of this is relevant to the British Medical Association litigation. Oppression with disregard of the rights of others tends to develop spontaneously and naturally. It is inherent in trade unionism, and it needs the restraining hand of the law to keep it within its proper limits. The circumstances of the time are full of danger in the industrial world. Now that the war is over, it is probable that we shall be denizens of an industrial chaos. We shall need for protection every just legal restraint upon greedy men and women pushing unjust claims. We threw away one of these just restraints when the Trade Disputes Act was passed, and the nation ought to resume its control by insisting on the repeal or at least amendment of some of its clauses.

#### ON SHIPS' NAMES.

THE practice adopted by our great Shipping Companies of naming some of their vessels after foreign countries and places, with many of which they are not and never can be connected in trade, is a conceit of the cosmopolitanism to which we, almost alone among the nations, are addicted. Its inconvenience became apparent when the war broke out and the foreign country became an enemy country. An *Index Expurgatorius* had to be set up, as it was obviously improper that there should be a 'Galicia,' a 'Carinthia,' an 'Elbe,' a 'Danube,' a 'Teutonic,' or a 'German,' afloat under the Blue or the Red Ensign. No vessel is allowed to go to sea under an alias. Her name cannot be changed by the stroke of a clerk's pen, but must adhere to her until the proposed alteration has been publicly advertised and sanctioned by the Board of Trade. During the autumn of 1914 and the following winter not a few ships were thus permitted to shed their names and to re-appear upon the undulating ocean under appellations more appropriate to the flag which they flew.

Subject to this inconveniences a ship may suitably take her name from an alien country to which she usually carries passengers or with which she usually trades; but to name ships after an inland kingdom and a province of Italy which has no seaboard, as was done in the case of two of the earlier fast Atlantic liners, the 'Servia' and the 'Umbria,' is paradoxical. Other examples in the past or present Cunard fleet are the ill-fated 'Lusitania,' the 'Mauretania,' and

the 'Aurania,' 'Lusitania' is poetical for Portugal, but neither 'Mauretania' nor 'Aurania' can be found in the atlas. The Cunard Company standardises its ship-names to the extent that they must all be nouns with the classical caudal appendage—*ia*; and the longer the word the more does it seem to suit the fancy of travellers by sea, who prefer a ship bearing a sonorously polysyllabic name, and who would not be so readily inclined to take their passage on one of equal tonnage, speed and comfort, but having the homely British word 'Liverpool,' 'Newcastle' or 'Bath' in brass letters on her bows and stern.

As the Cunard Company insists upon the use of nouns for the nomenclature of its fleet, so likewise does the White Star Company insist upon adjectives, and these must all end in *-ic*. To this tail is attached a miscellaneous assortment of mythological, ethnological, geographical and nondescript prefixes. There was a 'Titanic,' there is a 'Majestic,' a 'Coptic,' an 'Adriatic,' and even a 'Bovic,' but there is not yet an 'Hippic,' an 'Avic,' or a 'Piscic.' A story, which if not true is at least *ben trovato*, is told that an official of the Company was heard complaining that the fleet was increasing so rapidly that it was difficult to find *-ic* names for three new ships about to be launched, and that a sarcastic person, who no doubt had suffered from *mal-de-mer* and other discomforts of the Atlantic voyage, protested that the difficulty was imaginary. "Why not call your three new ships the 'Dyspeptic,' the 'Rheumatic' and the 'Emetic'?"

There does not seem to be any good reason why ship-names should be drawn from two parts of speech only, or why adverbs or even prepositions should not be impressed into the service. For an Atlantic liner making her round trip to New York within a fortnight, 'To and Fro' would be an appropriate name; while the humble "tramp" steaming on no customary track, but nosing for cargo wherever it was to be found, might be aptly named 'Here and There.'

The aristocratic P. and O. Company, the chief shuttle in the loom of Empire, for many years refrained from fancy nomenclature, but named its ships with especial regard to the places with which it traded. Thus the 'Delta' and the 'Massilia' marked the period before the Suez Canal was opened, and when the mails were carried from Marseilles to Alexandria and then to Suez by the overland route. Of late years, however, it has adopted what may be termed—to borrow a metaphor from the Recruiting Office—a Group or Class system. An "M" group and also an "N" group were launched; each of which was composed of vessels built about the same time and for particular services. In the same group with a 'Mooltan' was a 'Majola.' 'Mooltan' is an appropriate name for a ship carrying mails and passengers to Hindustan; but 'Majola,' a pass in Switzerland over which a few travellers and Alpinists struggle in the "difficult heights of the iced mountain air" is the absolute antithesis of an ocean liner. Similarly, in order to fill up the "N" group a Walloon city was violently wrenched from the land and made flotsam upon the Bay of Bengal, when the 'Namur' on her maiden voyage steamed away from Madras with her course set to the mouth of the Hugli.

The first large ships of the British Navy to be lost in the present war were the 'Cressy,' the 'Hogue' and the 'Aboukir.' It would seem that Nemesis had ordained that ships bearing the names of victories over our present Ally across the Channel must take no part in it.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### WHAT WAS SAVED AT ST. QUENTIN.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR.—Amiens with Puvis de Chavanne's restful masterpieces of design, the Museum of Lille, with its famous well-reputed store of the Old Masters' drawings, that different Collection bestowed upon St. Quentin, of half the life-time of the work of one man of genius of the French Eighteenth Century, La Tour—

it is good to know, after the various stories that have been circulated during the last four years, that these long-threatened treasures have been spared the ravage of German destructiveness. By far the most distinctive of these three assemblages of noble, penetrating things is that which is least known by my fellow-countrymen, sometimes a little slowly unwilling to receive the gifts of a comparatively recent Art. I may, perhaps, be pardoned then for proffering some few words on the character and charm of this unique gathering of Quentin de La Tour's performances in pastel—a medium by us so little employed, and so little understood.

There are in Paris—both in private abodes and in the national treasure-houses for artistic things, works finely elaborate by Maurice Quentin de La Tour—essays, nay, triumphs in portraiture; but it is the special glory of the St. Quentin Collection that it consists for the most part of pieces, decisive and spontaneous, which are content to exist under the style and title of "preparations." The St. Quentin Collection consists of little less than a hundred of these sketches of genius—sketches inspired and completed—and they came to St. Quentin as a gift of Quentin la Tour's brother, faithful we may be sure, in this respect, to what he knew of his near kinsman's desires and of the full measure of what I may call his local, his provincial patriotism—a sentiment which carried him, so far as to have dictated his reply to Louis the Fifteenth's polite and flattering enquiry, "A Frenchman, Monsieur, I suppose?" "Non, Sire," was the answer, proud, triumphant. "Non, Sire, je suis Picard de St. Quentin." But whatever may have been La Tour's patriotism, his genius was French, essentially.

And in France—in France with enthusiasm—La Tour's work was received in his own day. His the quick insight; his the hand decisive and economical. The Eighteenth Century sat to him—the Marquis d'Argenson, Madame de Mondonville (or was it really a lady of the Opera?), Rousseau, Duclos the Academician, who mildly protested that "those who knew him knew him to be better than his works"; the Abbé de Pommier, "the kind of Abbé to be about the Court"; Mademoiselle Fel, of whom La Tour was enamoured; Louis, Dauphin de France; Crébillon, "le sombre poète tragique"; M. de Julienne, who, years before, had been the friend and helper of Watteau.

I might go far, but I will go no further. La Tour's importance—here so little recognised—must, I hope, have been made plain.

Yours truly,  
FREDERICK WEDMORE.

White Mill End, Sevenoaks.

### TEMPORARY OFFICERS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR.—What is to become of the temporary officers of the Army? Those of independent means, or who possess assured civil billets to which to return, will be provided for, though the incomes of the former, in view of heavy taxation and the increased cost of living, will, it is feared, be sadly impaired. But there are many whose former civil billets have now disappeared; and there are numbers who never had any, being still too young when war broke out. There is also a certain number of men who, being bitten with the adventurous life of the soldier, will never return to a humdrum existence in an office, for example. These last must make their own way in the world; and the Dominions will perhaps be glad of them. The Ministry of Labour is legislating for these three classes, bringing them into touch with employers and arranging for industrial training where necessary. But, in spite of all efforts, large numbers will certainly be left without employment. There is, however, one large class, the broken men, for whom the nation must make itself responsible. It would be monstrous to leave these in penury.

Some curious anomalies are likely to arise. Major Fang, D.S.O., will, perhaps, extract the teeth, while

Captain Hoof, M.C., trims the feet of the lordly profiteer and his lady. Many a soldier will be glad to work on the land for sheer love of open air and exercise. Some of a roving disposition may cast in their lot with the gypsies, "posturing" Omar Khayyam by day and robbing hen roosts by night. The old "unemployables" will now have a grand opening. They need only mount a red stripe on the right sleeve, a gold stripe on the left, a medal ribbon or two on the left breast of a tattered waistcoat, and cultivate a slight limp, to sponge with success on the wealthy or soft-hearted. The chief victim will be the retired and impecunious officer, for he will find it difficult to resist the appeals of these derelicts on whom he never called in vain on the battlefield.

Yours faithfully,  
BRIGADIER.

#### THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE AERY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am ambitious to add a victory word to the English language, a short, pithy, appropriate name for our magnificent, almost miraculous Air Service.

When the Air Service was first established it was styled the *Royal Flying Corps*, and in the Royal Flying Corps one of my gallant sons gave his life for his King and country. It is now the *Royal Air Force*, and contains *Independent Air Forces* within the Force.

Manifestly our nomenclature is deficient, for the air Forces have become an Army of the air, or rather a Navy; for the aeroplane swims or floats, rather than flies. The aeroplane is a fish rather than a bird.

The name, therefore, of the Service as a whole, should be analogous to that of the Army and Navy, which covers all our land or sea forces, and I submit no better word can be suggested than *AERY*, a word of four letters ending in Y as in Army and Navy, and formed from their Latin derivatives:

Arma = Arms, whence Army.

Navis = Ship, whence Navy.

Aer = Air, whence Aery.

I commend this idea to favourable and discriminating discussion. We already have the words aerodrome, aeroplane, aerial, &c.

I am, yours faithfully,  
EDWIN DE LISLE.

#### THE EXECUTION OF THE EX-KAISER.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The weak siders in the argument as to whether, in the course of justice, the ex-Kaiser should be executed, seem to think they have scored when they have said: "The best way to make a martyr of him is to kill him."

By their manner you know that they are convinced that this is simply unanswerable. They preach it on every possible occasion. It crops up again in an article in this week's number of that very weak-sider *The Nation*.

In reality there is, of course, nothing in the argument; but it is as well that its vacuity should be shown up at once and peremptorily, because on the surface it sounds plausible.

The answer, of course, is: that nobody grudges them their "martyr" if they want it. So long as justice is served, that is all that just-minded people ask for.

But justice we sternly insist upon; if it should be proved justifiable, the ex-Kaiser must be executed.

After all, death to a brave man is not so terrifying an adventure, as we know by those who have died in this war; and if the Kaiser were not the mean, cowardly renegade monarch that we know him to be, he would assuredly have come forward of his own free will and insisted on his own execution. Were he possessed of a scintilla of that greatness which he would have us believe, he would be now afflicted with an uncomfortable feeling that his proper place is with his loyal subjects who are dead.

"Behold! you who have given up your lives for me, you martyr soldiers. I too have found a little of your faith and courage.

"You laid down your lives for me without murmuring, and now I deliver myself up to you and humbly beg you to acknowledge me as one of yourselves.

"Behold! I boasted all my life of my greatness, and I am not great at all. I deceived you. But I can make amends to you. I too can deliver myself up without murmuring. It is my wish to come to you.

"Oh! receive me, for I have no comfort left among the living, take me to yourselves as the humblest among you, or if you wish it I will be your Kaiser still.

"But whichever way, permit me to come into your presence, for my place is with my martyr soldiers who are dead."

Some such attitude as this would not be outside the range of King Albert's idealism, but the ex-Kaiser is not made of that stuff.

Well, when he is dead we will forgive him. But it doesn't matter a hang so long as he is dead, should he be proved guilty, whether he is called a martyr or anything else equally inappropriate; he will have had justice meted out to him, and that is all we are out to attain in the matter.

Yours very truly,

F. MANNING SPROSTON.

The Authors' Club, 2, Whitehall Court, S.W. 2.

#### SOLDIER MEMORIALS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I venture to beg for a little space in which to express a woman's view in the matter of the graves of our soldiers in France and Flanders, as I much hope that one part of the official pronouncement may still be altered. I mean the ruling that the inscription which relatives will be allowed if they so desire, "to have inscribed at their own cost," shall consist of three lines only and shall, moreover, be "a short text or verse chosen by themselves."

For the rest, I think all may be content; uniformity is plainly right and fitting; the heart thrills at the magnificent equality in death as in service of those who lie there, our defenders: and though, personally, I should have liked an actual wooden cross—the little wooden cross now for ever sacred in history—were wood but indestructible, and I would greatly have preferred a cross of bronze or some unrustable metal to the official oval-topped stone, I am quite content with the latter.

But I feel sure, indeed, I know, that all will not be content, and many will deeply resent the cold official dictation of what they may or may not inscribe in the space left to them, the only place where they can publicly record their own feelings in memory of their fallen "at their own cost."

We are not all literary; I am glad to claim acquaintance with a large number of the large class who are not fitted by education or circumstance to judge in the least as to a form of words that will satisfy critical taste, but who care intensely, for personal intimate memorials of the dead.

I have seen old, lonely women, whose chief comfort in utter bereavement was the funeral card—let no man call it paltry—with words one might laugh at with that laughter which is akin to tears and as tender: words common, trite, maybe foolish, that "he" had liked; written, perhaps, by a sweetheart when she was a schoolgirl, and so raised, for their purpose, far above "literature."

What the funeral card is, ought not the photograph of the far-off grave to be, a personal thing? Believe me, the bereaved ones will gladly procure it "at their own cost."

Sir, I beg to urge with all the small voice I can command, on behalf of those who do not urge but only feel, that this one place on the uniform memorial shall at least be quite their own: freely they gave; cannot great England give them more than three lines in which to express the deepest feelings of their sore hearts, and moreover allow them to express them in their own way?

Subject, of course, to censorship to exclude any possible but not probable blasphemy or indecency, I would respectfully suggest that the Commission should once more carefully reconsider this matter with a view to letting one side of the proposed stone be left free for use by the next-of-kin; and if I may be so discursive, I would like to ask them, before they decide, to refer to a little story in which the great master Charles Dickens sets forth the noble feeling of his great heart as to the spirit of this matter of memorials to the dead: the story is in "Somebody's Luggage," section 'His boots.'

I enclose my card and remain, Sir,  
Yours faithfully,

F. M. RAMSAY.

#### UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent D. R. Broadbent on August 10th wrote that "some universal language would be needed to make a League of Nations fully operative." At present both the ideals of the League and the language are far removed from reality. Until human nature fundamentally changes, Force, *pace* Mr. John Bright, is the only remedy, and would be ultimately the only means of enforcing the decisions of a High Court of Arbitration. So, like the cat in pursuit of its tail, we should arrive again at the point which the whole machinery of a League is designed to avoid. The difficulties in the way of a universal language are hardly less formidable, but because there could be no question of handing the honour of a nation to the keeping of the foreigners I believe they could be overcome. For several years before the war "Esperanto" was widely advertised as the Universal Tongue. The teachers of it were mainly aliens from Eastern Europe, Germans, Russians, Poles and Swiss. It lacked the necessary simplicity of construction and there was too much "off" and "ski" in its grammar and vocabulary to commend it to the civilised nations of the West. Another artificial language, "Ido," was "on the market." It seems very much easier and simpler than "Esperanto," but I have mislaid my specimens of it; perhaps some of your readers can say if it is still taught and where. At the end of the war, however, Babel will be well on the way to right itself. By the process of nature French and English will have become almost universal. Millions of men from the uttermost parts of the earth have met in a few comparatively narrow areas where French and English are the every day means of communication. The prestige of successful war and of the coming trade supremacy will oblige other nations to supplement their own speech by those of France and England. French, so delicate, lucid, and precise, has always been the language of diplomacy, and the deliberators at the Hague conducted their futile conferences in that language. When peace is discussed French will be the language used, and there is no reason to suppose that a League of Nations would depart from previous practice. As to English, the fact of the British Empire and of the American Republic jointly controlling half the people of the globe is a seal on the strong claims of English as a world language. As a glance at the map shows, Spanish would enable one to do business from Galveston to the Horn, but English is taught in most South American schools and English and American influences will be paramount there after the war. Japan is credited with once having fondled the idea of embracing Christianity—with differences—as the State religion and of "pidgin English" as the official language. Nationality, however, asserted itself, but English is increasingly taught and used in Japan and China. If a living language is to aspire to universal employment, Hindustani has strong claims. It is spoken by nearly 400,000,000 people. Its grammar is very simple, its vocabulary is largely Aryan, Sanskritic and Iranian, and Europeans who find difficulty in learning a Mongolian or Dravidian tongue easily pick up enough Hindustani to converse freely with the natives of India. "Urdu;" its other name—

meaning properly the language of the camp or the "horde"—has a genius for assimilating the useful words of other languages. It has spread from Yokohama to Vancouver and British Columbia, and is the common medium of trade round the Indian Ocean from Cape Town to Singapore.

Now for another consideration, in reply to those who may suggest that national jealousies would result from adopting any modern language as the universal speech. We have a non-national language still in use throughout the civilised world—Latin. It is taught in every school in four quarters of the world, it is the living language of the largest body of Christians, and constitutes the bulk of the vocabularies of English, French, Portuguese, Italian, and Roumanian. Moreover, Latin underlies the whole structure of our civilisation, religion, and social customs. If the Prussian Teuton should wish to retain his raucous tongue, the Southern Germans and Austrians, inheritors of the religion and sceptre of the Roman Empire, would have no such preference. Classical Latin is out of the question; something like the Vulgate or "Bazaar" Latin is wanted; a simplified tongue so that "the average Fourth Form boy" could learn it in three months. Some years ago, under the name "Novo Latin," such an attempt was made. It was a laudable effort, and under some strong impulse, like that of a League of Nations, might have come into general use. A committee of professors of the Universities of Paris, Padua, Harvard and Oxford could easily evolve something better, but their watchword would have to be "Simplify! Simplify!" rigorously cutting down inflections, and weeding out redundant and difficult constructions.

F. R. LEE.

Burma, October 10th.

#### 'AMERICA'S DAY.'

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In his acute and lively survey of my book your reviewer likens his impressions to "a visit to 'the pictures.'" No apter simile could be found. I suppose it was the profusion of "stunts" and "fade-throughs" in those forty-eight reels which—as *The Times* man also avers—"keeps the reader's attention on the strain." They kept the writer's attention on the strain for many years.

It was immensely amusing, if also immensely tiring, to watch a hundred million "composite and cosmopolitan people" (President Wilson's phrase) trying to create a new heaven and a new earth in a far-off Continent of Peace, which Thomas Jefferson hoped was sundered from the Old World by "an ocean of fire."

To-day that Continent is an armed camp, with all traditions abandoned, and the "foreign entanglements" of Washington's warning a fact of far-reaching significance. It is fascinating for the student to watch the United States devising programmes for our salvation, and at the same time being moulded, more or less consciously, into the ways of her hoary pupil.

America's sprawling youth is over. The milk of idealism is not yet dry, but the showmen of her "movies" are now supping on the strong meat of reality; we shall soon see surprising results. What Zola called the "bitter science of life" is slowly distilling in the American machine. Has not Wilson himself confessed as much "in this hour of utter disillusionment" (at Baltimore), when he took bold Elizabeth's slogan: *Ne feriari feri?*

If your reviewer's attention will but hold, he will presently see the American "pictures" slow down and change. The bewildering flow and flux will become familiar, as the historic drama unfolds. For America is learning that—as the Spanish proverb has it—"However early you rise you will never hasten the dawn."

The radical imperfectionability of man is an unwelcome lesson in that quarter. America would never accept it from Edgar Allan Poe, whom she made an outcast, and so long denied a niche in her Hall of Fame on the Hudson Heights. Yet to-day she is inclined to accept the view of Macchiavelli himself: That always and

everywhere the same human desires and caprices are in incalculable play—*e come vi furone sempre.*

At home and abroad America will first of all consider her own interests, withdrawing her eyes from cloudy oracles and depending on her own new-found strength. "Why criest thou unto Me?" thundered the Lord to Moses at the Red Sea. "Speak to the Children of Israel that they go forward!"

Faithfully yours,  
IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

#### "KIPLINGESQUE JOURNALISM."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I do not profess to be either a teacher or a deep student of poetry, but since I was ten years old it has been my favourite form of literature. Now, Mr. Kipling's poetry may, in the opinion of Mr. Fletcher and "Student" (November 23 and 30) be only "journalism"; but I venture to think the vast majority of those who have read it will be of a very different opinion. Is the "Ballad of East and West," or "The Islanders" only "journalism"? I take two at random, and I say that they and many others affect me as "Chevy Chase" affected Sidney; they "stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet," and feeling so, I find the words "Kiplingesque journalism" not only unspeakably stupid, but also offensive.

I remain, etc.,  
J. F. MURPHY (Capt.)  
43, Park Lane.

#### THE BRITISH TELEPHONE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is satisfactory to note that you draw attention to the inadequacy of the British telephone service. Never good, it has now become exasperating.

One of the chief injustices under which the public suffers, lies in the fact that the debiting or cancellation of calls rests with the telephone operator. Is this a fair method to continue? What is to prevent an operator, through inattention, debiting three, instead of a single call, owing to incorrect connections? Naturally the Controller essays to impress me with the perfection of his operators. However, from past experience, I regret to say, I cannot share his opinion, as for years the calls debited have been far in excess of those made. It would be interesting to know whether *any* of your numerous readers have fared better?

Up-to-date supervisors are required, who understand order and punctuality, and I suggest the training of discharged N.C.O.s for such important posts. Employment, both regular and responsible, is required for such men. Here an opportunity is offered to show that the country is not unmindful of the heroic deeds enacted during the war, and deserving the very first consideration.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
C. H. RASCHEN.  
6, Inverness Gardens, Kensington, W. 8.

#### THE OPEN WINDOW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The kind enquiry of your correspondent, Mr. Walter Winans, as to my health, compels me to trespass again on your valuable space.

Briefly, I am glad to say I am very well, and that I have not been in bed for a day, or any part of one, after 8 a.m., for the past forty years, nor have I been absent, owing to ill-health, from any Sunday duty since my ordination in 1887.

With regard to colds, despite hatless outdoor duties, sometimes in the worst of weather, I am about as free as he is. If I do get one, it is usually caught at some overcrowded meeting held in an ill-ventilated room, and

this experience is shared by other members of my household.

I think the open window did not come in till long after the Puritans, or the window tax would not have been suffered so late as 1851. It was during part of this period—say, 1600 to 1800—that, as Professor Marshall said at one of his interesting Balliol lectures, "the English were one of the dirtiest people in Europe." And they probably disliked fresh air as much as soap and water.

People who like open windows do not sit in a perennial draught immediately under them. There is no such necessity. The three rooms I chiefly occupy have windows on two sides, and as the wind only blows from one quarter at a time, it is always easy to avoid a draught. With a smaller room a sash window may always be converted into a Hinckes-Bird ventilator, with a block of wood. With a casement window, instead of a block of wood, you must use a little common sense, and shut it when occasion demands.

Since my former letter I have visited many cases of influenza, only to confirm my opinion that, where windows have been kept open, it has rarely attacked the other members of the household.

In one case the nurse broke a pane of glass to overcome the difficulty of the closed windows! Good old nurse, I complimented her on her resource.

Yours faithfully,  
F. W. POWELL.

Kirkdale Vicarage, Nawton, Yorks.

#### "THE ORGIES OF WAR."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I think every sensible man and woman must applaud Mr. Austin Hinton's admirable and trenchant remarks about the "noble women," who, according to our egregious Press, saved the Empire in its "grimmest" peril. In *The Sunday Pictorial* the following remarks occur:—"A recent census of women workers showed 25 per cent. were domestic servants, 38 per cent. were engaged on home duties, while the remainder were laundresses, clerks and barmaids. Employers say all alike display reluctance to return to their old jobs. Naturally! These "noble women" prefer high wages, short hours, absolute freedom, when off duty, and clubs in Eaton Square. As Mr. Hinton justly says: ask any employer of labour what these young ladies have done to ruin his trade. From all sides one hears a perfect sigh of satisfaction, at the prospect of these young female hooligans being put in their places again. Go into any large shop and be waited on by the "Silver Badge" men, and one at once sees the difference. The customer is treated civilly and pleasantly, instead of being stared at by pert, half-naked, powdered girls. Where their places were, before the war, is a mystery to many, and with the sad dearth of men, I doubt if we shall be rid of them, at once. Let us live in hopes, however.

Yours faithfully,  
A. S. B.

#### THE HERMIT OF PRAGUE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Walter Scott writes in a letter to Crabbe:—"I am sometimes tempted to envy the reverend hermit of Prague, confessor to the niece of Queen Gorboduc, who never saw either pen or ink."

Scott refers, presumably, to the speech of the clown in "Twelfth Night." If there is more to learn, could some reader tell me about this admirable hermit and his origin? He is not in the ordinary books of reference, and I have not the play of "Gorboduc" by me.

Yours faithfully,  
STUDENT,

## REVIEWS.

## PREPARING FOR THE BACKWOODS.

**The Ideal Servant-Saving House.** By an Engineer and his Wife. London: W. and R. Chambers. 1s. 6d. net.

IT is evident that the authors of this instructive pamphlet consider that the effect of the war has been and will be to thrust England, once the most civilised country in the world, back into the primitive and semi-savage state of the Colonies and America. And we fear that the authors are right. Certainly the condition under which we are at present living, with regard to domestic service and laundries, is that with which anyone who has travelled in Canada and Australia and the United States (outside such cities as New York and Boston and Chicago) is disagreeably acquainted. And there is no prospect of our recovering our civilisation in the present temper of the working classes; for so long as wages remain at their present height, the cost of living will be undiminished, and large classes of educated and refined men and women will be unable to afford servants, or not more than one or two. We must therefore prepare to return to the backwoods: our ladies will become domestic drudges, and our gentlemen will become shabby and dyspeptic discontents, cursing the war and their education, which has unfitted them for manual labour. We cannot pretend to relish the prospect: we are not consoled by such phrases as "a country fit for heroes," not seeing very clearly why conscripts are such particular heroes, only feeling certain that we are not heroes ourselves. Indeed, we cannot repress a shudder as we gaze on some of the labour-saving appliances presented to us by the authors of this little book. Are our cambric handkerchiefs and other delicate "wear" really tortured in those terrible washing machines? If so, our wonder grows, not that we have to wait three weeks for our washing, but that any of it ever returns to us, except in rags and tatters—as indeed does sometimes happen.

But if the plunge into barbarism is inevitable, let us face it scientifically by preparation, for which purpose this little book, with its figures and calculations, is written. Two facts, however, considerably diminish the value of its instructions, one, let us hope, temporary, the other inherent in most schemes of domestic reform. The present rationing of light and fuel, and their exorbitant cost, render all the calculations of "an engineer and his wife" valueless. It is in vain, for instance, to prove to us the advantages of electric heating and cooking with electric power at 1d. a unit, when at present the charge (in London) is 1d. per unit, with the intimation that it may be more. Nor is our inclination to instal electricity in lieu of coals increased by the performance of the man Webb and the Electrical Workers Union at the Albert Hall. It is bad enough to be deprived of light suddenly: but there are such things as candles, and so long as one has a coal fire one may "thole it out," as the Scotch say. But with electric stoves, the man Webb might deprive us of both warmth and light. Writing from experience, we can affirm that the radiant electric stove, if sufficiently powerful, is a splendid heater, of even a big room, and very convenient: but it is very expensive. The electric breakfast-table is also "a boon and a blessing to men": the electric toast-rack makes the best toast in the world. We wish, by the way, that the authors had not tried to recommend the electric breakfast-cooker by a frontispiece of an odious smirking wench, in a bedroom wrapper of sorts.

As we were educated in the pre-scientific age, we don't mind admitting that we have no idea what "convection" means, and only a dim notion of cubic pressure. We learn, therefore, with surprise and profit that coldness in a room is the result, not of the cold air from without, but of the hot air inside passing out through windows and jerry-built walls. Incidentally our engineer settles a little discussion that has been going on in our correspondence columns about the open

window. The open chimney is an admirable and quite sufficient ventilator, aided as it is by the chinks of the window-frames and the draught under the door, and the open window is not a necessity of health, but merely a taste or habit. But it is pointed out in these pages that owing to thin windows and walls one often suffers from a hot face and a cold back. Or as a picturesque German friend once put it to us—in the far-off days—"In English rooms the behind is cooked while primeval ice from the nose hangs"—our Bavarian baron was speaking of an Englishman's courteous attitude on the hearth-rug. To remedy this, the authors make one very excellent suggestion, the double-window, which can be put in at no very heavy cost. The other remedy is that we should line our walls, ceilings, and floors with cork slabs, which will make them non-porous, and so keep the warm air from escaping outwards. This is just one of those counsels of perfection which a little annoy us. It is excellent advice to a person building a new house; but how does it profit those who live in old draughty, ill-built houses, as most of us do? It is all very well for "an engineer and his wife" to calculate the capital cost of their improvements, and say, here is £1,000 spent, the interest on which is £50, the wages of a servant that you will save by our appliance. The trouble is that so few of us have £1,000 to spend on electrical geysers, or cork floorings, or new windows, or potato-peeling machines. We have, however, written enough to show that this pamphlet is full of interesting figures and ingenious devices that have for most of us a melancholy compelling significance.

## A BUFFER STATE.

**The White Eagle of Poland.** By E. F. Benson. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.

NOVELISTS, when they turn to the writing of history are not invariably successful; but Mr. Benson proves himself to be equipped with the qualities necessary for that enterprise. His exposition of the Polish problem and of the necessity for its solution is thorough, lucid and interesting; and to many readers it must bring a salutary conviction of ignorance concerning a vitally important subject. Who among us knows anything about Poland's sixteenth century "Golden age of literature"; or with the exception of 'Quo Vadis?' could name off-hand any book produced even in comparatively recent times by a Polish author? Has a definite meaning been generally attached to that facile phrase "The partitions of Poland?"

The Polish Jew, a figure fairly familiar in fiction, and to Londoners in life plays a leading part in the situation here unfolded. It has been computed that the population of Poland includes over four million Jews as against twenty-one millions of Poles *pur sang*. Their tribal solidarity and tenacity of purpose combine with their numbers to make them a formidable body; and during the war their attitude has been decidedly pro-German and anti-Polish. The Poles contend that they are not to blame for this state of things, since their original reception of the Semitic settlers was hospitable and tolerant. This assertion, we may observe, is borne out by the work of a now forgotten Judo-Christian author, published about a century back, but embodying traditions of a much earlier period. The position of the Hebrew community in one Polish town is there represented as so much that of a State within a State, that the murder by Jewish fanatics of a convert to Christianity is actually allowed to pass unpunished. (The writer, as a strong Evangelical, has little admiration for Romanist missionary effort, and tells her story with a prosaic, dispassionate baldness which carries conviction.) Yet in the successive attempts made by Poland during the nineteenth century to cast off the Russian yoke, the Jews sided with Russia. Incessant persecution from both nations has been their reward: but with the German conquest of 1915 a great change for the better took place in their condition. The Ger-

mans, adopting a policy not always characteristic of their dealings with the race, founded Jewish schools and admitted Jews to the Council of State. It is not surprising, therefore, that they should have favoured Germany, and it is, as Mr. Benson points out, obvious that any satisfactory settlement of the Polish question must be on lines which will secure Jewish sympathies for the Entente.

Polish nationalists, on the other hand, are mainly anti-Teutonic in feeling, not an astonishing circumstance when we consider how their unhappy country has suffered during the German occupation. Both Germany and Austria have throughout ruthlessly plundered the native population in order to supply their own wants; "as late as November, 1917, innumerable trucks of fruit, corn and potatoes were passing out of the starving country into that of its occupiers." "Yet when the British Foreign Officer asked Berlin for a guarantee that supplies let through the blockade should be used for Poland and not for Germany . . . it was refused." There seems to be no doubt that, "if the Poles of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Poland could be given voting papers," they would, by an immense majority, "elect for the formation of a national unit, independent of Russia, of Austria, and of Germany, that should form a united State of Poles." Mr. Benson explains that the establishment of such a State, as a barrier to Germany's Mittel-Europa policy, is equally the desire of the Entente, and he quotes various pronouncements to this effect made by responsible politicians in England, France, Italy and America. He is strongly of opinion that the boundaries of the new country should be decided by race, not by history or creed; and on that ground would exclude Lithuania, which is claimed by some advocates of a united Poland.

This book, though written while the issue of the war still hung in doubt, breathes a spirit of unshaken confidence in the ultimate success of the Allies; and the information which it contains has a double value now that reconstruction for Poland has come within the range of practical politics.

#### A TRINITARIAN ON EVOLUTION.

**The Portal of Evolution**, being a glance through the open portal of evolution at some of the mysteries of nature. By a Fellow of the Geological and Zoological Societies. Heath, Cranton. 16s. net.

THIS strange book has an interest of its own, though not in the way desired by the author. He has recognised that it might present some difficulty to our ordinary intelligence, for in addition to a Final Chapter, he has printed Concluding Remarks, and an Appendix, and has prefixed both an Introduction and an Apology. This is a case in which the reviewer would have been better helped by a short explanatory statement such as publishers thoughtfully provide nowadays. Instead, there is a report on the manuscript from the Acting Professor, Department of Philosophy, in the University of Sydney. This, however, is so prudently non-committal that it does not help us much. Where a Professor of Philosophy is "at a loss to follow," how can a reviewer, who, in common with the author, is only a fellow of some scientific societies, expect to understand? Let us then explain why we call the book interesting.

The author, we gather, was born in Devonshire of an old English family, sometime Wardens of the Scottish Border. He went to Australia and engaged in horse-breeding, not without success. He seems also

to have mixed in public affairs. Not that he was so immersed in practical tasks as to have no time for solitary meditation, but the last thing he dreamt of was the writing of a book. Then a lady guest at his house visited a clairvoyant, who said that her host "would become a greater success, if he were to write books instead of the work he was engaged in." Mis-trusting his powers of composition, our author (who, to judge from his company, must by this time have returned to England) ridiculed the idea. Then a young man forced his acquaintance on him at a restaurant and persuaded him to read a book on Rosicrucianism. He found it illogical rubbish, yet shortly after let himself be dragged to a meeting of the Theosophical Society. The same evening he read Drummond's 'Ascent of Man.' That was the last straw. While he was reading it, the following sentence came into his mind: "God the Father, and God the Holy Ghost, marry God the Son." Absurd and meaningless though they seemed, the words obsessed him, until in despair he wrote down in columns the attributes of the three Persons of the Trinity, and worked out the results of what he considered to be the intermarriage of those attributes in succession. What sanction, if any, the list of attributes and their order may possess, we have failed to discover. All that our author claims as his own contribution is the idea of intermarriage, and he maintains that this has given a key which will, "in time, with thought and study, enable mankind to unlock the door and enter the portal of Evolution, and ultimately to be able to understand divine revelations." Here we confess our inability to follow his thought. Although he boasts a "decidedly logical and mathematical mind," we can see little reason in either his logic or his pretended mathematics. Why should "Power and Love beget Imagination," or "Use and Invention beget Peace?" On such statements as these, with equally inexplicable permutations and variations, are based 500 pages of speculation beside which the writings of Ignatius Donelly grow pale.

There are lucid intervals, and in them are scattered some suggestive thoughts. One can agree that "what is a virtue in one stage of evolution is a crime in the next." Murder once had its merits, and war is only beginning to receive universal condemnation. Selfishness has led to commerce and is as yet unconquered by charity. Sin then has aided the ascent of man and "will cease to be an evil when man can sin without injuring others." "It is by learning to sin in temperance, justice, and moderation, that man is to achieve his redemption." "Sin, Sickness, and Poverty are the three weapons that God has given to man to arm him for the fight of evolution." The failure due to sin leads us to strive after virtue; by combating sickness we improve our mental and bodily vigour; poverty is the whip that drives us on to thrift and wealth. "It is folly to help the man who will not help himself." Sayings such as these may be hard, even paradoxical, but they are not nonsense. Unfortunately we turn the page to find "that Wisdom was conceived in the Mind on the Eighth day to give birth by the Sixth marriage of the Trinity to Government on the Eleventh Day," and so forth. Once more the reader finds no end, "in wandering mazes lost."

The interest of the book, then, lies not in its content, but in its illustration of the growth of an obsession. To no student of evolution in any of its cosmic or terrestrial aspects can it convey any message, but those who study aberrations of the human intellect may be glad to pursue it, for every line bears the stamp of sincerity.

And now a word with the author. Probably he

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would do well to return to his useful avocation of horse-breeding, but if he must write books, we know that he can, on occasion, express himself straightforwardly, grammatically, and intelligibly. There are well-known authors who write quite as badly as he does. His words to the working man in the Final Chapter are clear and sensible, and his contrast of the countryman and the townsman has some originality. We may not all agree with his talks on education and trade-unionism, but they are none the less interesting. He should give us more of his own life in Australia and his views on social conditions there. He has inherited from his fifteenth century ancestor a sense of humour, and should not suppress it. Our advice is to rule out all reference to the Trinity, drop Evolution, eschew ions, electrons, and all the other things neither he nor any man knows much about, and confine capital letters to proper names and the beginnings of sentences. If the author would do this, he may justify the clairvoyant yet. But authors won't take advice.

## VERSE OLD AND NEW.

**The Cockpit of Idols.** By Muriel Stuart. Methuen. 4s. net.  
**Pearl.** Rendered into modern English by E. T. B. Kirtlan.  
 Charles H. Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.

MISS STUART has given her new book of verses a sounding name, which has, however, but little connection with the contents. The poem which bears the title stands sixth in place, and, in our opinion, no higher in value. The originality which aims at emphasising the humanity of the two founders of the Christian religion is certain to give both pain and offence. In this instance, the young priest who falls in love—and sensually in love—with his Madonna, is not a convincing personage, though, apparently, determined to be sensational at all costs. The title is justified only by a short speech describing the struggle of the various religions of the world, the later being defined as the 'Cockpit of Idols.' Judging from this and another sombre poem, 'The Slave,' the author is not at her best when dealing with religious subjects. One turns with relief to the more wholesome and natural gaiety and freedom of such poems as 'The Centaur's First Love,' which has all the freshness of a morning in Greece, and must have been written with the pleasure which it gives in the reading. One or two lyrics, 'The Second-hand Bookstall,' and 'Common Fires,' show the artist hand. 'To —' is a finished little poem, full of dignity and sorrow, with that restraint which gives the sense of power behind it. The second verse contains a beautiful metaphor, lightly touched and unlaboured, comparing a transient *grande passion* to a tidal wave, which may ride in from a calm sea and return thither in an hour, though the ebb will leave its traces:

Though it have altered all that used to be,  
 Have changed our earth, and brought strange  
 wave and seed

Into our fields, and smart and smell of sand  
 From waters that have never known the land;  
 Though on our tides have burned rich scent and  
 seed

From gardens that were strangers to the sea.

In another stanza is some of the writer's vivid imagery:

This dearest of dead things that lies beneath  
 The stretched sheet in Life's latched and shuttered  
 house.

It is by her power of expression that the writer is distinguished, a power which will be still greater, if kept within bounds. Few readers can sympathize with such hyperboles as "Was not thy spread hair thunder on his breast?" The fascination of words is great, but it may prove a snare, and it is this very power which, used without discretion, is liable to end in "signifying nothing."

Three or four translations, or rather modernisings, of 'Pearl' are in existence, but Dr. Kirtlan's is excellent and welcome. He has kept untouched the spirit, the daisy-like simplicity of the

original, yet translated it into an English modern enough to be read without a glossary. One could wish away some few expressions, "the more the merrier," "too early a date," which jar on the general effect.

'Pearl' is cast by the original author—supposed to be the writer of the better-known poems "Sir Gawain" and "Clannesse"—in the form of 101 stanzas. In the argument, a father sees his little dead daughter, his Pearl, in a dream, and she conducts him through the outskirts of Paradise, and describes the life led by the blessed inhabitants. A still nearer vision of the city of God is permitted him, but on his trying to force his way across the boundary, he awakes.

The charm of the poem lies in its atmosphere of purity and simplicity. It should be read as a whole; and with regard to its literary aspect, the reader cannot do better than study the excellent introduction and discourse on alliterative poetry. Otherwise, some might be repelled by the unusual form, lines guiltless of scansion and the absence of rhythm.

## OLD FRIENDS.

**English Fairy Tales Retold** by Flora Annie Steel; illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

A NYONE who wishes to make a handsome Christmas present to an intelligent child can't do better than buy this book. The old stories are well worth re-telling, and here are all the old friends, St. George of Merrie England, Jack the Giant Killer, Jack and the Beanstalk, Dick Whittington, and many others less familiar, dressed up in the new clothing of Flora Annie Steel's English—everybody knows how good this is—and accompanied by humorous and artistic illustrations in colour from the famous pencil and brush of Arthur Rackham.

## "GOODBYE, BROADWAY!"

**The Doughboy.** By John O'Gorman. Herbert Jenkins. 6s. net.

"THE other side" will probably be deluged shortly with sketches of its fine lads' doings over here. Meanwhile, it is just as well that we should have a novel or two giving the point of view of the American Army in France. It has its own freshness, and the difference in outlook is shown by Mr. O'Gorman without any exaggeration.

Sullivan, Stiffy and Burke are a regular trio of Musketeers. Top-Sergeant Casey is a good fourth. The geniality of the men is extraordinarily pronounced all through. Of course, they "grouse"—what self-respecting soldier doesn't? The chief complaint in the first half of the book is the dullness. The boys are kept cleaning boots and sweeping floors, and washing dishes, without so much as a sniff at the distant Boche. They naturally clamour for "more manly work, not so cussed smothery as ours. . . . Everything's so awful reg'lar that we can't stick it."

They did not have to stick it overlong. The second half tells of daring raids enough, shelled shelters, and

  
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actual pick and shovel fighting, face to face. In cold blood, one might be a little sceptical over Sullivan's rout of four armed enemies with a spade : but it is not a thing to read of in cold blood : and in hot blood, it has probably happened in reality.

The marching song is distinctly akin to Tipperary. It begins :

"Goodbye, Broadway ! Hello, France !" and has an inspiring lift to it. One pathetic touch is the innocent swagger of the new men marching up to the relief, and their desire to impress the exhausted men whom they relieve. These meet them with no resentment, but in such worn-out case that none of the swagger is noticed, and the fresh lot feel for a moment subdued.

It is a wholesome, cheery little book, sentimental now and then, but obviously sincere in its intention to draw a picture which should not be too soon forgotten.

#### HONEY-SUGAR.

*Green Dusk for Dreams.* By Cecil Adair. Stanley Paul. 6s. net.

HERE is not a typist in London who will not melt into delicious tears over the adorable young heroine of this excruciatingly charming story. First of all, she is called Lorraine. Then she talks like this : "Etienne, tell me then, is this fearful thing coming of which men speak, some with bated breath, and some with laughing scorn?" Of course, she means, "D'you think there's going to be a war?" but that would be a vulgar way of putting it. The author has not quite made up her mind what century her idyllic couple are living in. They quote Walter de la Mare and Verlaine; but they also say, "Dost remember?" and things like that. It is all very, very pretty and quite blameless, and you feel after reading it as if you had drunk three breakfast cups of highly sweetened chocolate.

Everybody in it is practically perfect, from the strong, silent friend, waiting strongly and silently for dead men's shoes, to the faithful retainer with a golden heart and the admirable priest and the heroic Pierre. It speaks very badly for human nature that a chronicle of unrelieved goodness and affection should annoy people—but so it is. And the cover deceptively encouraged us by representing something of a mix !

#### SENTIMENT AND COMMONSENSE.

*Passion and Pot-Pourri.* By Richard King. Jordan Gaskell. 5s. net.

HERE is uncommonly little "passion" in this quaint little *olla podrida*, in spite of its purple title. Much of it is a sort of overflow from "With Silent Friends" and shares the charms and failings of that attractive little book. Mr. King has a good deal to say, none of it wildly original, little of it absolutely commonplace, most of it stimulating. He has an indignant tenderness for the blind, especially those blinded in this war, which justifies his dedication to St. Dunstan's Hostel.

The first is the weakest of all the tales, being full of a fervid and adjectival sentimentality. The other stories are much stronger. Light and touched with humour and well constructed, they are in many ways models of the unambitious short-story. There is the tragic-comedy of the mateless spinster, weaving futile webs; she has her pathos in actual life, and Mr. King is rather hard on her. Then there is the tragedy of the woman grown *passée* in body and fresh in heart, *vis-à-vis* with the man who only sees in her her faded face. The sheer farce of the two widows who dispute over the grave is quite amusing.

The reflections, in longish paragraphs, that are sandwiched in between the tales will interest many. They touch decisively on pretty well everything, from air-raids (how quickly out-of-date they have become !) to Top-Dogs and the Brontë family. About air-raids Mr. King happens to be wrong. There really have been people who enjoyed them.

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**Where your Treasure is.** By Beatrice Harraden. Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.

In this novel, Miss Harraden traces the gradual development of the personality of a self-centred woman, whose sole interest is her business of a jewel expert. Her first stimulus towards sympathy with her kind is given by the acquaintance with the family of a jewel lover like herself, who has been deeply hurt by his secretiveness. She interprets him to his widow and children, restores their respect and confidence in him, and is rewarded by their friendship. On the outbreak of the war her sympathies are gradually enlarged and widened, and she takes an ever growing share in the work of Belgian relief, moved by the terrible needs of the refugees in Holland, and the devotion of her friends to the cause of humanity, till at last she is touched with the love of a man whose devotion she has long taken for granted.

Miss Harraden is an artist in words, and, though this book is not equal to her best, it will satisfy her admirers. She is a master of her craft; the principal character, Tamar Scott, is rightly observed and clearly seen, and her mental *Odyssey* well described. The various episodes have a due relationship to the working out of the main plot, the unity of which is well maintained. The book is distinctly one of the novels of the season.

## WILD LIFE AND SENTIMENT.

**The Ledge on Bald Face.** By Major Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated. Ward Lock. 5s. net.

MAJOR ROBERTS has won a reputation as a writer on wild life, including animals and the men of the backwoods, who seem to keep up some at least of the traditions immortalised by Bret Harte. His latest volume should be a success, as it shows his mastery, not only of the habits of animals, but also of that vein of sentiment which makes for popularity. We prefer, however, the great black dog who plays the part of Assistant Deputy-Sheriff to Woolly Billy, the angel-child, whose fine head of hair marks him out for distinction, and who on the last page is discovered to be heir to an immense property in England and an ancient title. Sincere and observant studies of animals are more difficult than the composition of this sort of fiction. The background, however, of the lumber camp with which most of the book is concerned is vivacious and, for all we know, veracious. The title-story and three others show animals in moments of danger and conflict. The book is printed in admirable type and well illustrated.

'Sniper Jackson,' by Frederick Sleath (Jenkins, 6s. net) is either the one good story which we are told can be written by everyone, or gives promise of a new writer whose career is to be carefully watched. We feel that far too many war stories are being published, but we should be ready to welcome any number of the same standard as this—again as first works. Novel readers should put it on their library lists.

The Christmas Number of *Truth* (1s. 6d.) is a distinct addition to the gaiety of the season. The pictures and perversions of the 'Arabian Nights' are apt, and *The Daily Stunt* is a supplement we are glad to see repeated.

It is difficult to imagine anything more charming and tasteful than the calendars and Christmas cards published by the Medici Society, Grafton Street. That delightful little blue boy, so well known as "The Piper of Dreams," is the frontispiece of one of their calendars, and a pleasing coloured plate of Andrea del Sarto's "Virgin Birth" of another. The Christmas and New Year cards, with greetings and best wishes, range in their little pictures from Godstone Bridge, near Oxford, to S. Giorgio Maggiore, Venice, and the Capella dei Pellegrini, Assisi. Most of them convey simply greeting, or good wishes for Christmas and the New Year; but some of them quote verses from good poets, like Browning and Lovelace. This is a great improvement on the old vulgar doggerel lines and absurd pictures of a white Christmas, which comes once in ten years. These Medici Christmas cards are so pretty and refined that they ought to drive the old banalities off the market.

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## BOOKS.

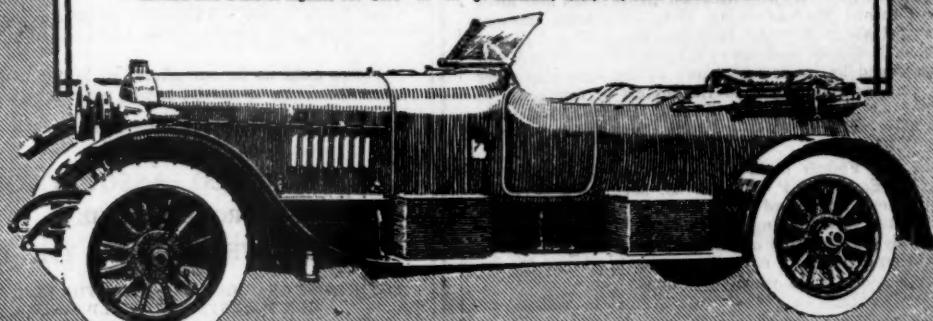
BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Debrett's Peerage, 2 vols., new 1916, 9/-; Andrews' Adolescent Education, 2/-, published 5/-; George Baxter, The Picture Printer, on the 19th Century, 1911, scarce, £2.2; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symonds, large paper copy, 1905, £2.2; Stephen Phillips, The New Inferno, with designs by Vernon Hill, large paper copy, 21/-; Whistler and others, by F. Wedmore, 1906, 6/-; William Morris's Collected Works, 24 vols., £12.12; Gotch's English Homes, 30/-; Omar Khayyam, large paper copy, Villon Society, 1898, £4.4; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates 2 vols., 21/-; Frank Harris: Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde, 2 vols., £5.5. Send for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand: If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The approach of the holidays and the press of the Election have prevented the issue of any works of outstanding importance this week. Sir Owen Seaman has collected in a small volume, 'From the Home Front,' a number of his topical verses from Aloes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in 'Danger,' and Mrs. Mary E. Mann in 'The Pedlar's Pack.' A past editor of the 'Edinburgh Review' writes on the 'Traditions of British Statesmanship.' The issue of gift books has come to an end for the present, and, on looking them over, we notice that, though they are comparatively few in number as compared with the years before the war, the standard of production of the best among them is higher than ever. To take only two cases, the illustrations of the work on Mr. Frank Brangwyn stand out as models of reproduction in half-a-dozen processes, while those of 'The Happy Hypocrite,' reproduced in off-set lithography, mark the limit to which skill can reach. We notice below Mr. Rackham's illustrations to Swinburne; they also are excellently reproduced.

'The Tower of London from Within,' by Major-Gen. Sir George Youngusband (Jenkins, 10s. 6d. net), is not only one of the fullest and most nearly complete accounts of the oldest palace and fortress in Europe, but a fascinating piece of literary workmanship written by one who lives within its walls and loves every stone of them. We can hardly think of a better present for a boy or girl about to make their first visit to the Tower, though the book is of course designed for adult readers, and will be much appreciated by them. A history of the Tower involves most of the principal characters in the annals of our country, and the author has dealt with the difficulty of presenting them in turn very ably. The book is very fully illustrated.

'The Third and Fourth Book of Maccabees,' translated and edited by C. W. Emmet (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d. net), are apocryphal writings of the Jews, composed to vindicate the exclusiveness of their religion after their coming into close contact with Greek civilisation. This little volume maintains the very high standard of the series of translations of early documents important for the study of Christian origins to which it belongs.

'Joseph and Asenath,' translated and edited by E. W. Brooks (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d. net). A well-known romance, first found in medieval times in Vincent of Beauvais, treating of the conversion of Asenath in order to fit her for being the wife of Joseph. It is Christian as we have it, but it is likely that it was Jewish in origin, and if so may date from the end of the second century of our era. It was written in Greek, but several very early Oriental versions exist. Probably this story was the origin of the Koranic legends of the beauty of Joseph.

'A History of English Literature,' by A. Compton-Rickett (Jack, 7s. 6d. net). A special word of commendation is due to this very cheap and comprehensive survey of our literature from the earliest times to the present day. It is a book which should have a wide circulation among young people and general readers of the working and non-professional classes, and will prove a mine of interest to a boy or girl who has reached the age of omnivorous reading. The author does not pretend to scientific accuracy of statement in all cases, as for example when he gives a single author to 'Piers Plowman,' or attributes the 'London Lickpenny' to Lydgate, but such adherence to tradition hardly diminishes the value of his work. We wholly disagree with much of his criticism, which we should call commonplace and shallow, but the important thing is that a large number of people should have any standpoint at all, any knowledge of what a thousand years have done for us. The book consists of 700 closely printed pages, contains a large number of illustrative quotations, and reflects the highest credit on both editor and publisher.

'The Springtide of Life.' Poems of childhood, by A. C. Swinburne, with a preface by E. Gosse, illustrated by Arthur Rackham. (Heinemann, 10s. 6d. net). During the last thirty years of Swinburne's life—the period, be it understood, which Mr. Gosse considers one of decline—the poet's thoughts were mainly turned in two directions, the contemplation of nature and the sea, and the love of childhood. No English poet had ever a greater sympathy with children than he, none was more loved by them. Mr. Gosse has now selected from his works an anthology, full of the child-like charm which was the characteristic of Swinburne's later years, and very representative of his best work, though it omits two expressly chosen by the poet himself—"Children" and "A Child's Sleep"—as among his best. No change has been made in the text, but the poem hitherto known as "A Song of Welcome" has been re-named "Sunrise." Mr. Arthur Rackham contributes a number of charming illustrations, some full-page drawings in colour, more of them outline drawings and decorations. It would be superfluous to praise such an old-established favourite; let us only say that in these poems he has found a subject round which his special gifts find free play.

'The Metaphysical Theory of the State,' by L. T. Hobhouse (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net). In this volume Professor Hobhouse examines the relation of Hegelianism to personal and political liberty, and shows that its principles are destructive of them and lead directly to the Prussianised State. Dr. Bosanquet and his theory of the Absolute come in for very severe criticism, and the author advocates a return to the traditional methods of the English school of political philosophy.

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# The Saturday Review

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The three letters from our columns reprinted in this pamphlet give an account of the writer's experiences in Ireland during the last three troubled years. Sir Lees Knowles was in the shameful Irish Rebellion of 1916, due to "patriots" who have since been backed by Irish intellectuals of distinction. In 1917 he could discover no improvement in the tone of the people. In 1918 the Irish were not even doing their duty as food-producers, though revelling in waste and luxuries unknown to England for many a month. As to the "patriots" aforesaid, Sir Lees Knowles is always enlightening. We wish his pamphlet a wide circulation, since it reveals facts and follies that are suppressed by, or little known to, sentimentalists and partisans in this country. With more truth and knowledge available, agitators may be unable to live on ancient grievances, and public opinion may hurry up the long delays of infrequent legislation.

We regret to find that in our notice of 'A History of Everyday Things in England,' the excellent book published by Mr. Batsford, the price was by a slip given as 3s. 6d.; it should have been 8s. 6d. net.

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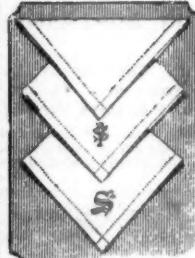
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## THE CITY.

Mr. Churchill's word has gone forth that the Government will nationalize the railways. His word has not been confirmed by any other Minister, and, though everybody believes that State purchase is inevitable, there is just that element of speculation about it that would be useful, if only there were a speculative market. Then there is the great question, What of the terms? Harking back to the old Act of 1844 to which we referred a week or so ago, there is the basis of a purchase scheme—25 years' purchase of the net profits of the three years preceding the purchase, and if the profits had not equalled or exceeded 10 p.c., companies to be able to claim a further sum for anticipated profits. In 1844 it was expected that railways in this country were going to be a gold mine, with 10 p.c. as a minimum of profit. Clearly the Act is sadly out-of-date, but it affords a basis of interesting calculation. Taking the profits of the three years preceding the war, 1911-13, without any allowance for "anticipated profits," we find roughly the following valuations of leading stocks: North Western 175, as compared with the present price of 98; Great Westerns 150 (present price 92); Midland Deferred 112½ (62); North Eastern 150 (101); South Western Deferred 50 (30); Lancashire and Yorkshire 112½ (72); Great Eastern 70 (40); Great Northern Deferred 75 (42); Brighton Deferred 116 (65).

Here are figures which would have delighted the heart of the market a few years ago. To-day they leave it almost cold. And no doubt safety lies in the low temperature. There is another question which will govern the terms of State purchase—the question when it will be done, and whether a Labour Government may then be in power.

Although the absorption of Martin's Bank by the Bank of Liverpool is much regretted for sentimental reasons the wrench has some compensations. The name of the old house will be continued and the ancient and respected sign of the Grasshopper will not be taken down. The alliance is the result of the bank amalgamation policy, but it bears none of the objectionable features of amalgamations. The two banks were not in the least competitive, and they certainly will become complementary in every sense. A prosperous future should await the joint concern as both institutions inspire the fullest confidence.

The report of the Pekin Syndicate suggests that a new era has begun for the company. After 21 years dividends are in sight. For 1917-18 a profit of £62,282 was made without including earnings from the colliery, for which accounts are delayed until certain figures of expenditure are agreed with other interested parties. When this matter has been arranged the question of dividends can be considered. At present the company has a credit balance of £575,000. The issued capital is £1,242,822, of which £1,202,822 is in Shansi shares of £1, £39,900 in ordinary 2s. shares, and £100 in 1s. deferred shares. The Shansi shares are entitled to 10 p.c. of the annual profits until £1 a share has been paid, and to half the surplus profits until 10s. has been distributed, and thereafter to half the profits in each year. The deferred shares receive nothing until the ordinary have had 100 p.c. in dividends; then the deferred take 40 p.c. of the available amount, the ordinary 50 p.c., and the directors 10 p.c. The Shansi shares stand at about 12½, the ordinary at about 42s., and the 1s. deferred at about £275 each, which quotations suggest a piquant situation. The market, however, has always been a speculative one.

The report of the New Lafon Tin Fields shows that the finances of the company are now on a satisfactory footing, which indeed is emphasised by a dividend of 25 p.c. for the year to September 30th. The production was 151 tons of tin, as compared with 61 tons for the preceding year, and the properties have not yet been developed to their capacity. The company has 1,144 acres of leases and ten square miles of prospecting licenses standing in the balance sheet at only £23,810, and the issued capital is modest at £36,740.

## NEW LAFON TIN FIELDS.

## INCREASED PRODUCTION—THE PROVISION OF PLANT.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the New Lafon Tin Fields, Ltd., was held on the 9th inst., at Winchester House, London Wall, E.C., Mr. Frederick Walker (the chairman) presiding.

The notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditor having been read,

The Chairman said: I trust shareholders are well satisfied with the promptitude with which the accounts have been made up and issued. They are to the 30th September, and we are holding our meeting on the 9th December, just a little over two months from the closing of the financial year. (Hear, hear.) The stock of tin on hand at 1st October, 1917, was £3,325, and on 30th September, 1918, it stood at £18,550. The reason for the large amount of tin ore in transit is, of course, explained by the difficulties of the shipping conditions, but I am pleased to be able to report to the shareholders that since the issue of the report no less than about 96 tons have actually arrived. The expenditure on production and estate administration expenses for the year to 30th September, 1917, amounted to £4,851 13s. 10d., and for the year now under review to £12,734 0s. 7d. The London administration expenses last year amounted to only £704 16s. 6d., and this year to £1,460 5s. 9d. The larger amount of this figure is partly due to the increase in our business, but also to the fact that the shareholders at the last meeting resolved that the directors' fees should be restored to the figure fixed by the articles, from which your directors made a handsome reduction while the company was in troubled waters. (Hear, hear.) Amounts written off last year totalled £530 10s. 3d., but this year we have written off £1,694 10s. 5d., which brings down the plant and machinery to the moderate sum of £1,500, entirely eliminates our development and preliminary expenses account and reduces our underwriting commission account to £1,500. The proceeds of tin sold and value of tin ore on hand amounted last year to £10,839 18s. 8d., but this year they amount to £32,011 3s. 3d., showing the very substantial difference of £21,171 4s. 7d. (Applause.) The year's production of tin rose from 61 to 151 tons. Turning to the balance-sheet, the liability side calls for no special remark. On the asset side, I would point out that while the cost of the estate stands at £23,809 17s. 9d., we have now in possession of the company properties of 1,144 acres of leases and 10 square miles of prospecting license, about which properties very full particulars are given in the annual report now in your hands. The plant and machinery at £1,500 may be taken as very moderately valued. The only item which now remains to be dealt with in the balance-sheet is the balance of underwriting commission, standing at £1,500, which I hope in next year's accounts the company may be able to get rid of entirely, or anyhow substantially reduce. In the opinion of your Board the position of this company is extremely satisfactory, and is now on a sound financial footing. At the same time, we must all recognise that it is impossible to forecast the position of tin during the next few months. It must not, however, be lost sight of that 80 per cent. of the tin production of the world comes from British territory, and as there is no doubt that tin will be largely required after the war, we may reasonably expect that if the industry is not unduly interfered with all Nigerian tin companies with a reasonable output will be able to maintain their operations, so as to contribute their quota towards the heavy obligations created by the war. We have so far been unable to adequately develop the properties to what Mr. Davidson believes to be their capacity. We have asked Mr. Davidson to furnish us with particulars of the plant required, but in a cable received since issuing the report Mr. Davidson asks us to find a temporary substitute during his absence in England, so no doubt we shall have the benefit of his personal advice as to the question of this plant when he arrives in England. No anxiety need be felt as to the finding of capital for this plant, because, as reported to and approved of at the last general meeting, the capital necessary for this or any other plant has been guaranteed. Your directors have good hopes that you have a property much more valuable than the amount it stands at in your balance-sheet, the life of which is assured for some years. I beg to move that the directors' report and accounts be received and adopted. (Applause.)

Mr. Charles Wallington seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, and a final dividend of 12½ per cent. was declared, payable 14th December.

Mr. Charles Fairbairn was re-elected to the Board; the auditor, Mr. William A. J. Ling, was re-appointed; and votes of thanks were passed to the Chairman and manager in Nigeria.

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